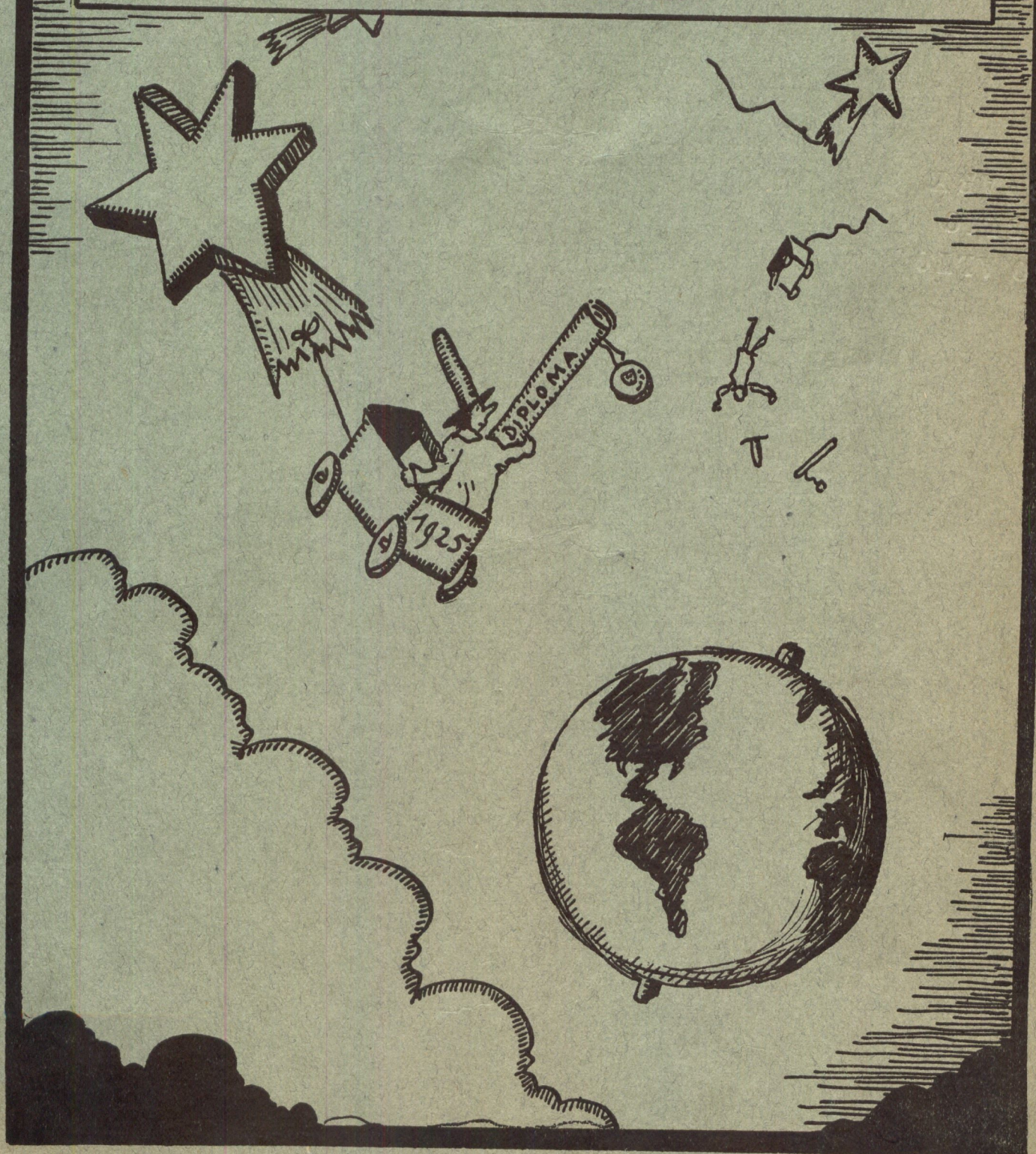
THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER



Hendrik Willem Van Loon

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June 1, 1925

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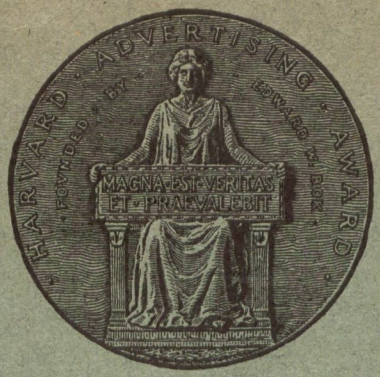

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OF THE WORLD

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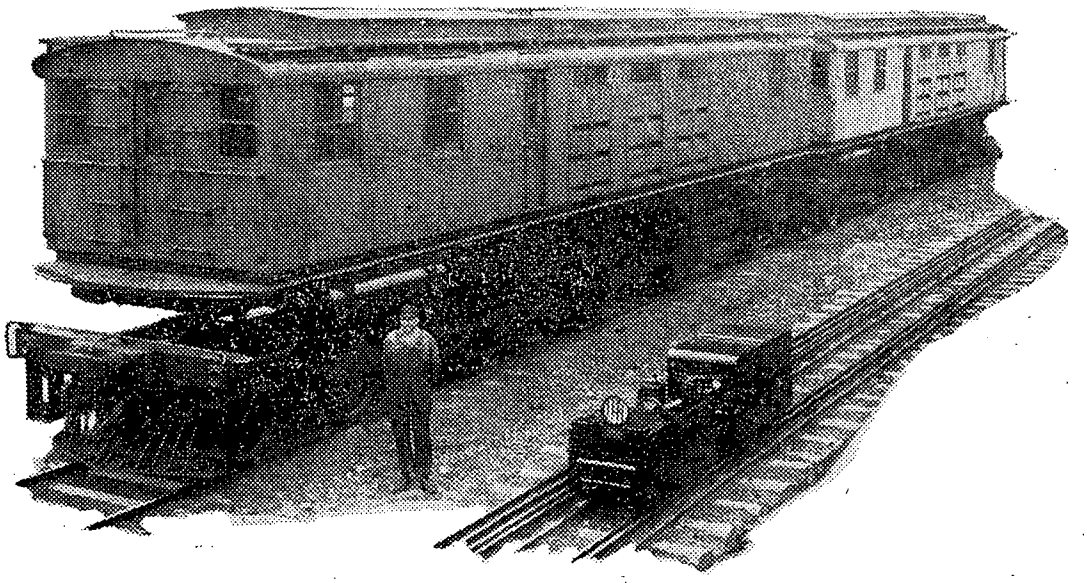

So big
—and so little

Here is one of the biggest electric locomotives in the world. It hauls long and heavy freight trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

On the narrow gauge tracks alongside it you will see the smallest electric locomotive that does real work. It is used to haul ore in a precious metal mine.

Between these two extremes are many other sizes of General Electric locomotives. Each year sees an advance in the electrification of railroads; for railroad men know that electricity cuts costs. Have you learned this in your home and office? There is some hard task of yours which electricity can do for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Stamp Out Typhoid!

"IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies—all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country.

DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

There Need Never Be Another Epidemic of Typhoid Fever

Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe. Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted.

Be Inoculated and Advise Others to Protect Themselves

Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Would you ever cease to reproach yourself should this dread disease strike your home? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following an attack, the death-rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There our men—100,000 of them—went into typhoid-producing districts. *One* out of every *five* contracted the disease. Typhoid killed more than twice as many as were killed by bullets.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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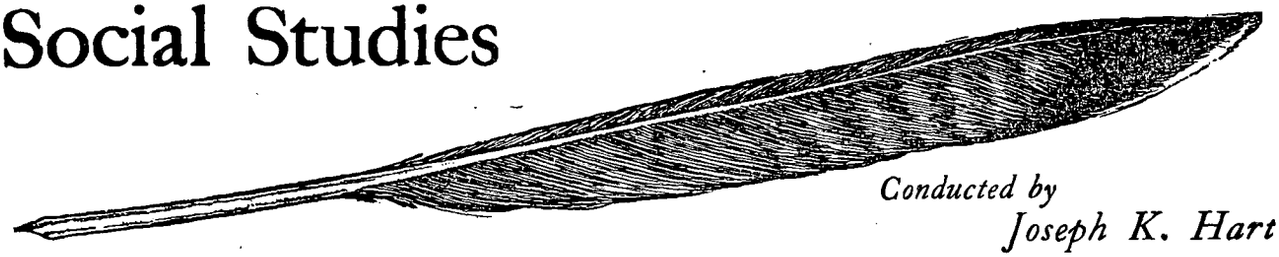
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Unfinished Business

IF comparisons are odious, questions are impertinent, not to say insidious. But June 1, 1925, bristles with questions as a Green Mountain porcupine bristles with quills. And, though all signs fail in dry weather, yet it seems likely that September 1, next, will show more quills. What are some of these bristling questions? Well, here are a few of them:

1. What is to become of American civilization if the various forms of intolerance, now much in evidence, shall spread still further? What is really responsible for the development of these various forms of intolerance: for racial intolerance? For religious intolerance? For economic intolerance? For political intolerance? For educational intolerance? For various types of sectional intolerance? For moral intolerance? Is it conceivable that America might develop a humane and intelligent civilization, in which these at present intolerant elements would still appear, not now as antagonistic factors, but as picturesque and cooperative elements in a great program?

2. How do "ideas" escape from the "world of mere imagination" and become actualities in the world of real things? Do all "ideas" thus become real? What are the characteristics of those ideas that do become real factors in the making of the world? (The present status of the "League of Nations" is an excellent illustration of this process: Is the "League" ever to be anything but an "idea"? Is it ever to become a substantial and solid structure amongst the "powers" and "forces" of the world?) When does an "idea" cease to be a wish and become a "force" to be reckoned with? How did Hull House, for example, which was once "just an idea," ever become the effective factor that it is in the life of Chicago, and the world?

3. To what extent do the "ideas" presented at conferences ever achieve any other form or status than that of being "just ideas"? If they continue to be "nothing but ideas," what was the use of their being presented, or discussed or even of having been born? But, if they become organized into action, established in habit, custom and institution, does that fact mean that they have changed the world by so much, or does it mean that the world remains the same, save for the fact that civilization has just added a new thing to its house, or at least a new bay-window to its living room? Are "ideas" self-enacting, self-starting, self-operative?

4. What effect would an "idea" have in the field of our various intolerances? Could an "idea" be matched against a religious prejudice? What would happen? Has any such thing ever been done? What followed? Which is the more real, an "idea" or a prejudice? In what does the reality of each consist? Is a prejudice permanently real? Can an idea be permanently real? What would happen if a permanently real idea (assuming that such ideas are to be found) were set up to work against a prejudice? What would happen to the people who hold the idea? Who is interested in prejudices? Who is interested in ideas? Is there anywhere in American life a real plan for opposing intelligence, intelligently, to prejudices?

Analytic Index to This Number

1. Child Welfare:
   The orphan asylum, p. 283f
   The juvenile court, p. 293ff

2. Family Welfare:
   The baby-farm evil, p. 312
   Mothers' pensions and child welfare, p. 318
   Divorce in fiction, p. 311

3. The Law and Lawbreakers:
   Judge Lindsey und the K. K. K., p. 271ff
   The children turn judges, p. 293f
   Books in jails, p. 308

4. The Conquest of Disease:
   The hospital re-examined, p. 303

5. The Promotion of Health:
   The visiting nurse, p. 302

6. Mental Hygiene:
   Californiacs, p. 296f
   Mentally sick and in jail, p. 310

7. Organizing Social Forces:
   Historic parallels, p. 270
   A story of Hull House, p. 275f
   The Red Cross after the tornado, p. 281f
   Social work conferences, p. 306

8. Town Planning:
   How occupations have organized civilization, p. 288ff

9. The City Community:
   Hull House and Chicago, p. 275ff

10. The Country Community:
    Rural ruin and the Red Cross, p. 281ff
    Civilization in the valley, p. 288ff
    The life of the peasant, p. 322

11. Immigration and Race Relations:
    Hull House and the immigrant, p. 275ff
    The Mexican in the Southwest, p. 291ff
    Recent Negro advancement, p. 300

12. School and Community:
    The Bible in schools, p. 306

13. Education outside The School:
    The control of teaching, p. 306

14. Industrial Conditions:
    The growth of occupations, p. 290f

15. Industrial Relations:
    The Mexican laborer in Western industry, p. 292
    In West Virginia coal fields, p. 305

16. Social Invention in Industry:
    The future control of coal, p. 305

17. Peace and International Relations:
    Hull House and nationalism, p. 275ff
    An observer at Geneva, p. 311

18. Motives and Ideals:
    Getting together, p. 270
    The K. K. K. in nature, p. 271f
    Hull House aims, p. 275f
    On the sea, p. 307

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Regional Echoes

I WANT to congratulate you on the regional planning number of The Survey. I have never seen a single issue of any magazine which so strongly grips the mind and the imagination in an important direction.

Here is a problem in exploration, looking forward, which appeals to the imagination and beckons forward as effectively as the lure which drew the pioneer. It holds an even stronger appeal. What can be more compelling than a scheme for settled life, permanent, cultural, humanizing, comfortable, satisfying, that will carry people through the ages? We cannot butcher and move on, consume and move on, slay and destroy and move on. The limit for such things has long been passed and "the new exploration" has long been ripe for our attention. We will make this exploration and conserve humanity or humanity will vanish miserably from the earth.

Too long have we waited for someone to throw the spot-light of truth on great cities, but you have done it with a masterly touch. I have never seen a series of articles dovetailed so tellingly. You have taken the dream of Patrick Geddes, as developed in his Cities in Evolution, to which years ago I invited the attention of your readers, and laid it down in practical form in actual, possible centers of American life. You have done well; your writers have not been surpassed. Every citizen should read and re-read the entire issue. —E. T. HARTMAN, *State Consultant on Housing and Planning, Boston.*

I CANNOT leave the United States without expressing the joy I have felt almost every moment in being once again in this wonderful land, and in observing many signs of progress, and of preparations—sometimes quite unconscious—for a great step forward towards a higher and happier civilization than the world has ever reached.

And nowhere, I think, has this forecast been expressed with so much vividness as in the May number of the Survey Graphic. Here, from many wide-apart angles, light is poured upon the world's great problem of reconstruction and the theme is so illumined that one realizes that even the great mistakes of the past are in very truth object-lessons without which we should not so clearly see our way to the bright future that awaits us, if we are but bold and true. I want my friends in England to realize what valuable contributions Survey Graphic is making in the great and vital science of sociology.—EBENEZER HOWARD, *Founder of Letchworth and Welwyn Garden Cities.*

FOR an exposition of the possible alternative to increasing concentration of population we recommend the remarkable series of articles and illustrations in the regional planning number of the Survey Graphic. If this excellent issue does not profoundly stir the imaginations of persons interested in social questions we shall be much surprised, since it illuminates the very center of problems usually attacked on the periphery. Overcrowding, recreation, housing, transit, rising cost of living, railroads, conservation, giant power—all these and other public questions are interwoven in the task of developing the geographical basis of a good life for the American people.—THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE regional planning issue of The Survey was the most thrilling I have read in months. You are doing the finest piece of constructive work of any American magazine to my notion.—HARVEY O'CONNOR, *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Journal, Cleveland.*

ALLOW me to express my impression of the unusual significance of the number of The Survey just received with its presentation of ideas, imaginations and prophecies regarding the future of New York and other great centers of population.—THOMAS D. WOOD, *Teachers College, Columbia University.*

T is a very fine number and, I am sure, will have a real influence in popularizing and making effective the regional planning and garden city ideas. —HAROLD S. BUTTENHEIM, *Editor The American City, New York.*

YOU who are interested in . . . these changes that bode so much of good to country and town if wisely planned, well directed and properly carried out, will be glad to read the Survey Graphic for May. It gives a fascinating picture of New England as one regional unit. The city planners who have just held their convention in New York also are broadening out. They begin to sense the great truth that decentralisation of industry and of people is the way to salvation. Not "back to the land" by sentimentalists who don't know a hawk from a handsaw, but back to the country with factories and home industries so that operatives may live in pleasant homes of their own, home markets be developed for farm products, and many other benefits accrue to the whole people and to the Republic. —THE NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.

YOU are certainly to be congratulated on this issue. It is one which will prove of immense value and I am anxious to have the members of the board of directors of the newly organized Niagara Frontier Planning Association and members of the newly authorized Niagara Frontier Planning Board see this issue. —CHAUNCEY J. HAMLIN, *Tonawanda, N. Y.*

SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC.

PUBLISHERS

THE SURVEY—Twice-a-month—$5.00 a year
SURVEY GRAPHIC—Monthly—$3.00 a year

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LIV, No. 5 June 1, 1925

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE . . *Hendrik Willem Van Loon* 270
MY FIGHT WITH THE KU KLUX KLAN . . *Ben B. Lindsey* 271
HULL HOUSE—A SOUVENIR . . *Francis Hackett* 275
UNTWISTING THE WIND'S TAIL . . . . *William B. Taylor* 281
OUR ORPHANED ASYLUMS . . *R. R. Reeder* 283
THE VALLEY PLAN OF CIVILIZATION . . . *Patrick Geddes* 288
WHAT OF THE BRACERO? . *Charles A. Thomson* 291
WHEN CHILDREN SIT IN JUDGMENT . . . *Miriam Van Waters* 293
CALIFORNIA . . . . . *James Rorty* 296
THE NEGRO SEES HIMSELF . . *Zona Gale* 300
THE HENRY STREET VISITING NURSE . . . 302
CAN HOSPITALS BE HUMANE? . . . . . *Winfred Rhoades* 303
EDITORIALS 305
LETTERS AND LIFE 307

The Gist of It

WHEN Governor Shafroth of Colorado was speaking to eastern audiences, years ago, in support of woman suffrage, he liked to say that men and women breathed in freedom from the mountain airs of his state. The mountain air is still to be breathed, but it is a grave question how much of the freedom is left. The National Conference of Social Work goes to a city where two of the outstanding exemplars of social work, Judge Lindsey and Gertrude Vaile, have run afoul of the Ku Klux Klan. Judge Lindsey has won through for the time being—the attempts to invalidate his election and to abolish his office have both failed by narrow margins—and his vigorous account of the fight on p. 271 comes from a man who still holds his point of vantage in social progress. Miss Vaile, an appointed instead of an elected official, lost, and Colorado is deprived of her competent leadership. What will happen when Klan and Conference meet?

HULL HOUSE little knew how shrewdly a young Irishman was observing his fellow-residents nineteen years ago, but all those who honor and love that singularly influential group of people whose names are linked with it will relish Francis Hackett's Souvenir (p. 275).

R. R. REEDER describes himself as an "experienced orphan asylum man." Most social workers would think of him as the dean of institutional work for children. He recounts briefly, in his article on Our Orphaned Asylums (p. 283) the long steps of experience by which he has come to the conviction that "as a permanent home for the early years of dependent children, the orphan asylum should go out of business." For twenty years he directed the New York Orphan Asylum, first in the city and then at Hastings-on-Hudson. He is now director of the Marsh Foundation School at Van Wert, Ohio.

THE sprightly account of the way in which the Red Cross caravans cleaned up after the tornado in Illinois and Indiana (p. 281) comes from a member of the Red Cross national headquarters staff who was with them in the field.

WE hoped to publish in the regional plan number in May the third of Patrick Geddes' talks from his Outlook Tower, so deeply does he dig to find the foundations for the concept of a region as a social and economic unit. His Valley-Plan (p. 288) states a motif that runs through the whole symphony (or dissonance) of civilization. In the next Talk he will trace the same theme through the familiar and complex hubbub of the city.

LOOK to the Mexicans. That is one of the clear calls to sociologists, economists, social workers today, for Mexican immigration looms large in our present complex of unsolved problems. Mr. Thomson, who sounds the call (p. 291) is executive secretary of the Council of Spanish-Speaking Work in the Southwest.

MIRIAM VAN WATERS, long known to thoughtful students of child delinquency and psychology through her work as referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, has recently reached wider audiences through the publication of her book Youth in Conflict. Here (p. 293) she tells what Los Angeles children think of their own court. The article is based on material presented at the Chicago conference which celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of juvenile courts.

POET, advertising man, cross-continental commuter, James Rorty has for the time definitely turned his back on California and is to be found in New York or elsewhere along the Hudson. His verse (p. 296) may then be based on what Wordsworth called "emotion recollected in tranquility."

THE AUTHOR of Friendship Village, Lulu Bett, and Faint Perfume was one of the judges in the short story section of Opportunity's literary contest for Negroes, and here records (p. 300) some of the impressions which this contact with the work of oncoming authors of that race gave her.

"I WISH this might be in the hands of every interne in the country," wrote a leading physician who read the manuscript of Mr. Rhoades' vivid and thoughtful comment on hospital procedure in the delicate field of human understanding (p. 303).

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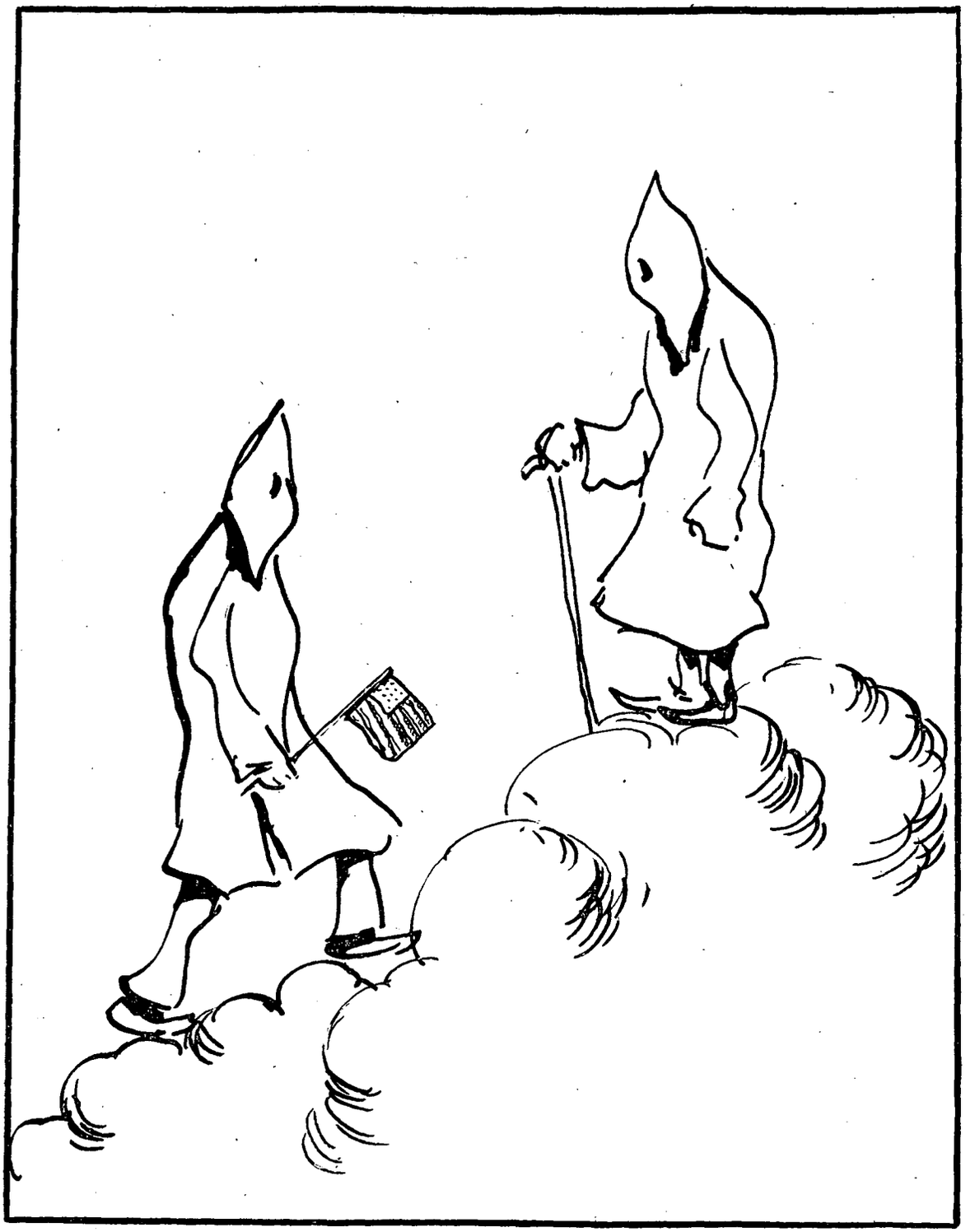

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon

IT IS A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

"My name is Smith, formerly of the Ku Klux Klan."
"My name is Torquemada, formerly of the Inquisition."
"Funny, we look the same."
"We are the same."

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

JUNE 1, 1925

Volume LIV
No. 5

My Fight with the Ku Klux Klan

By BEN B. LINDSEY

I REMEMBER, as a boy, reading in a life of Lincoln the story that, as a young man, he had occasion to visit the South; there he saw something of the evils of the system of chattel slavery and resolved to himself, "If that thing ever comes North, I'll hit it hard."

Now judges are accorded vacation periods by custom and it has been my practice to use the time for lecturing on juvenile courts and child welfare. This in recent years took me to different parts of the South. There I heard, saw and felt something of the rancors and discord that had sprung up in certain sections around the Ku Klux Klan. In parts of its ritual and pretenses the organization seemed to have some high-sounding ideals, but back of these, as I soon learned, and as since has been widely demonstrated, lay appeals to racial and religious fanaticism and hatred. Its success depended on stirring up such base passions as would inflame really patriotic communities and would corrupt law-abiding citizens who hitherto had been tolerant and considerate of each other's rights and religion under the Constitution and laws of free America.

The Lincoln story came back to me and I resolved that if this new slavery to bigotry ever descended on our community, "I would hit it and hit it hard." I saw, in that brief experience, how clever Klan leaders and dictators had been in playing on the weakness of a big part of the American mind. Well-meaning and unthinking people joined by the thousands, only to find out when it was too late—when the seeds of dissension and fanaticism had swept the community like a devastating fire—what the ultimate end of the whole thing was and what dupes they had been.

IT appears now that it was sometime in 1921 that the Klan first began to inoculate Denver and Colorado with this virus. With its boasted invisibility it came under the cover of night into our western community. It came under pretense of religion and patriotism to steal away our concord in social, business, church, club and fraternal life; to leave in place the bitterness of suspicion and hate. Occasionally, its hooded members would appear in some church, with gifts of money, promises of support or other evidences of alleged religion and much-boasted 100 per cent Americanism. For was not the Klan made up of "men of the most sublime lineage in all history?" So appeal was made to what the psychologists call the inferiority complexes. Mediocrities found themselves ennobled and exalted. It flattered their vanity and made them "holier than thou."

At first the Klan was not taken seriously. Many of those who suspected its real dangers counselled that the less notice taken of it, the less chance for its spread. But this attitude proved to be a mistaken one. The thing continued to make headway and first asserted itself politically at the Denver municipal election in 1923. Under the charter of the city and county of Denver the mayoralty is one of the most powerful political positions in any city. The mayor makes or controls the appointment of practically all of the other heads of the city departments, such as the commissioner of safety, chief of police, the sheriff, the commissioner of finance (having control of assessments and taxation), and the commissioner of parks. He has the appointment of the police court judges and constables. He has general supervisory power over the budgets of some of the principal courts, and, in fact, is the general director of the city's entire governmental affairs. Before the present charter, most of these officials were elected by the people. Into this first campaign the Klan came stealthily and successfully. Their candidate for mayor denied that he was a member. Frequently addressing individuals and groups of Catholics, Jews or anti-Klan Protestants, who suspected the hand of the Klan, he stoutly declared that he not only was not a member of the Klan, but had no sympathy with it. He even ran on such a platform.

A short time after the election, it became evident that the mayor-elect had availed himself of what seems to be the rule of the Klan, i. e., that its members are either pledged to deny that they are members, or privileged to do so. Within a year a substantial part of the com-

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Brown Brothers

This is the way Judge Lindsey does it

munity had come to believe that he was a klansman. It was then that certain elements of the community undertook to recall the mayor. In this campaign, his friends were successful in howling down the Klan issue in favor of what appeared to the majority as a more serious and practical matter, i. e., the heavy election expenses and other inconveniences to which the city was put. The winning slogan was: "Vote against the recall." The fact that the mayor was a klansman but had denied his connection with the Klan was not taken seriously by the majority of anti-Klan sympathizers, because the Klan itself was not as yet taken seriously.

Towards the close of this campaign another issue arose, but unhappily not until after the recall election petitions were circulated. This had to do with the city's old-time fight with the Denver Tramway or City Railroad Company. A receiver, appointed for the City Railroad property, had brought up the determination of its value in order to fix the fares, rates, taxation, etc. Under one of the ablest city attorneys Denver ever had (and I believe this will be generally conceded by all factions) and his equally able assistant, the city's interests had been well represented. Experts employed under their direction reported that the utility corporation's property involved was worth not to exceed ten millions of dollars. The corporation claimed it was worth over thirty million. A special master now found a valuation of twenty million.

In place of the city attorney referred to, the new mayor appointed Colonel Rice W. Means. Colonel Means told the writer that he had not technically taken the oath as a klansman but that he had attended their meetings on Castle Mountain where he addressed them and where he had their loyal support as an organization. This new city attorney did not file any exceptions such as in the opinion of some of the ablest attorneys at this bar were necessary to the city's right even to question the special master's twenty-million-dollar valuation as against that of ten million given by the city's own experts. Thus it was claimed that the city, instead of having the right to question such valuation in the higher courts on appeal, was actually concluded by it.

It was significant that the Klan, at this time, was supporting this city attorney (Col. Means) as a candidate for the short-term United States senatorship, then being filled by Senator Alva Adams, who had been appointed by Governor Sweet.

Following the recall election and the retention of the Klan mayor, Dr. John Galen Locke, grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan of Colorado, in an interview in The Denver Post, publicly proclaimed that it was a victory for the Ku Klux Klan and proceeded, on behalf of the Klan, to take entire credit for it.

The struggle between the people and the City Railroad Utility Corporation thereafter came before the Federal Court. The decision of the Court was a shock to the people. The city attorney's office, having been thus manned by Klan candidates, and having failed to except to the twenty-million-dollar valuation referred to, found itself defeated, just as we had predicted in the recall campaign. A valuation of more than twenty million was placed upon the City Railroad, and at the same time the ancient claims of the corporation to a perpetual franchise to rights of way in all the city's streets, which had been successfully fought for nearly forty years, were confirmed. Thus the citizens of Denver found their rights and privileges to such transportation in their streets held in perpetuity by a corporation which, itself, had had such doubts of its claim that on one occasion it had asked the city, at a special election, to give it a franchise for such rights limited to twenty years. Such at least is the contention of those who believed they were fighting for the people's interests. Delos F. Wilcox, the city's expert engineer, has published a pamphlet concerning this case concluding with this significant statement:

> It would be hard to find a parallel to such unblushing perfidy on the part of municipal officials without going back to Jacob Sharp's day when the Broadway franchise was procured from the venal aldermen of New York city.

A SHORT time prior to the recall election last August, I came upon proof of the special purpose of the Ku Klux Klan to endeavor to elect a candidate of their choosing as judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. This was a letter from a high Denver official of the Ku Klux Klan written under the seal of that order, to an official in Atlanta, Georgia, and stating that one Royal R. Graham, judge of a county court of a small county adjoining Denver, was an active member of the Klan and that I was not; and that at the next election, I would be disposed of by the Klan and "a clean man put on the bench of the Juvenile Court."

Thus it was that my own candidacy and the Juvenile Court were brought into the thick of last fall's campaign. The Republican assembly that met to name the candidates of the Republican primary tickets was in complete control of the Ku Klux Klan. The grand dragon, a Democrat, occupied a box in the rear of the hall and there reigned in high state. He directed the proceedings. During the primary election for state and county offices, the Klan was represented on the Republican ticket in practically every county in the state, notably in Denver. With a large campaign fund and one of the most powerful political

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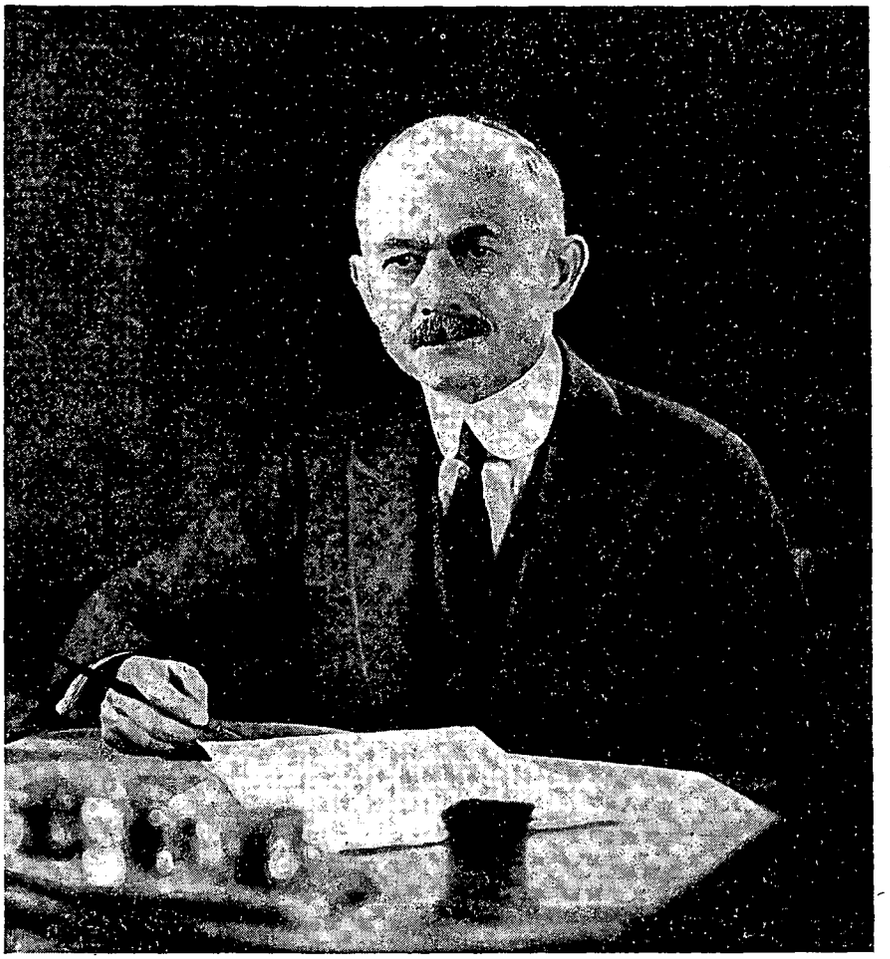
organizations that this state has ever seen, it succeeded in electing a large majority of the Republican candidates. In a few instances, it supported and elected Democratic candidates, some of whom were either members of the Klan or were believed by the Klan to be in sympathy with it. The Klan also had the advantage of the powerful swing for the Republican ticket. President Coolidge carried Colorado by about 125,000 plurality and the city of Denver by about 30,000 plurality. Thus, at the outset, by capturing the Republican primaries, the Klan bagged the votes of thousands of people who vote their party ticket regardless of what it camouflages. The grand dragon said to an assembly of klansmen: "We are not Democrats, we are not Republicans, we are klansmen." On the minority party Democratic ticket, therefore, I had to overcome these terrific handicaps to be elected. It involved my running over 10,000 votes ahead of my (Democratic) party ticket in Denver.



Courtesy of Physical Culture

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Whole stories could be written on each of several phases of the struggle that followed. When the Klan wished to break up a meeting and deny free speech, they sent hundreds of hoodlums to these meetings and they were broken up. No more disgraceful mob scenes were ever enacted in Denver than those "pulled off" at some of them. This was notably the case at a citizens' great auditorium meeting last September in behalf of a non-Klan judiciary ticket. The hall was paid for by this committee; they were entitled to a respectful hearing and protection, under the law. A gang of hoodlums packed the hall and apparently acting under a settled plan, proceeded to smother any speech which reflected on the Klan. Free speech and constitutional rights were denied. The police offered no redress. Speakers were insulted; the law and the constitution were ridiculed. The principal speaker was Col. Philip S. Van Cise, at that time Denver's district attorney. With his magnificent war record overseas he had been elected by 10,000 majority, only recently emerging victorious in his fight against Denver's notorious gang of bunco men, who had defied the authorities for thirty years, and who are all now in the penitentiary where he sent them. He might well have been called at this time an idol of the people. But he had fought the Klan, defied the grand dragon. To the Klan this was the supreme crime of a protestant. Therefore they not only denied him the hearing to which his record, his character and his standing, entitled him, but they proceeded to heckle, abuse and insult him. For five hours, till the early morning, he stood there facing the mob and finished his arraignment of the Klan in spite of scenes of disorder and turbulence such as Denver had never witnessed in all its stormy political history.

I have compared these manifestations to incidents that I have read about in the French Revolution. Especially is this true of the part played by certain women. Like screaming furies they led some of the lawlessness that obstructed our attempts to hold lawful meetings. They had paid ten dollars each to hate somebody and they were determined to get their money's worth. Personally, I did not believe that in this day and age there could be such flaming, seething, hissing rancor left in the human heart against anyone. That campaign has changed a good many of my ideas about people. I never realized before how prone a certain type of American is to appeal to hate and passion. It has made me shudder for the future of my country if anarchy should ever stalk in our midst.

Because I dared to oppose this infamy—this menace to the liberties of our people—I am one of those marked by the Klan for "slaughter." In the campaign the Klan made no charges against the conduct of my court, the value of our work, or against me. It was sufficient that I had dared oppose the Klan. At some of our meetings during my pre-election campaign when screaming furies were assailing me with such epithets as "you dirty cur," I would ask them why such names, why such fury against me. The only answer I received from such fanatics was: "You are not 100 per cent American—you are against the Klan." Now, it so happens that I am a Methodist and a thirty-second degree Mason. I spent a year in the recent war, abroad and at home, "doing my bit." I have served faithfully as I could during times of peace. My loyalty was never questioned before.

THE attempt of the Klan to gain control over the courts and juries received its first public proof in the spring of 1924, when the present Klan governor, Clarence J. Morley,

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then sitting as judge of the Criminal Division of the District Court in Denver, dismissed ten legally-drawn grand jurymen. Judge Morley then ordered the clerk to furnish him blank subpoenas for jury duty and had the court bailiff serve them. The bailiff was a member of the Klan and so were the ten resulting jurymen. The jury was later excused to reconvene for dismissal on the last day of the term. Meanwhile a Denver newspaper, The Express, published its first exposé of Klan methods. On the day following this publication, the Klan grand jury hastily reconvened in secret session, summoned Sidney B. Whipple, editor of The Express, and attempted (without the presence of the then district attorney) to force him to say where he had obtained the information contained in the article. The editor refused to testify in the absence of the district attorney. The latter demanded admission to the sessions; his request was denied by both jury and judge; and the district attorney was compelled to go to the Supreme Court and mandamus the judge to order the jury to admit him. The grand jury was then disbanded without having accomplished whatever secret purposes it may have intended.

At the last election only one Supreme Court judge was to be elected. He was selected at the primary on the Republican ticket through the influence of the Klan and though little known throughout the state he defeated the well-known and able chief justice, James H. Teller, a brother of the late United States senator, Henry M. Teller. The present district attorney had the support of the Klan at the last (November) election and he has so far made no effort to prevent the functioning of a second-hand picked grand jury made up of klansmen. This jury functioned as an inquisitorial body, investigating alleged election frauds which they expected to use in their efforts to take over the Juvenile Court. It found one case of alleged fraud claimed to have been committed by a Jewish youth, living in a Jewish quarter, where the anti-Klan vote was almost overwhelming. He testified that in this precinct of almost exclusively Jewish voters, without being requested by anyone and without the knowledge of anyone, he had marked a number of ballots for me. It was disclosed at the trial, by his own confession, that he had been taken in charge by men who are known to be Klan agents and, that under the direction of a man who has frankly admitted he is one of Dr. Locke's lieutenants he was paid sums of money. He did not remember the exact total sum, but testified that he had received $100 cash at one time, and had his rent paid as well as the living expenses of his family for months by this lieutenant of the grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. The ruling of the trial judge, Julian Moore, on the worthlessness of this man's testimony is referred to in detail at the conclusion of this article.

THERE is a great group of honest, earnest citizens in this and every community who are continually watching for some Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of political usurpation and corruption into the "promised land" where vicious officialdom shall pass away and only the whitest and purest of the flock shall rule over us. It is this great class, to which a most potent and effective appeal has been made by the Klan with their shibboleth: "Only 100 per cent Americans on guard in public office."

Let us examine briefly some of the instruments through which the Colorado Klan has sought to bring about this utopia, for therein lies some of the tragic disillusionment which some day must come to those who believe the fine phrases of the organizers. The grand dragon himself, though a practicing physician in Denver for years past, was refused admission to the Denver County Medical Society. He has never made an income-tax return, though he operates a private hospital with two nurses, a housekeeper and bookkeeper, and is a single man.

The threat is often made to me through anonymous voices over the telephone, and even by people who have boldly walked into our Court, that unless we would do so and so, the matter would be taken up with the grand dragon. Recently, on the complaint of a young girl, who charged a boy of nineteen with being responsible for her delicate condition, not the Court, but the grand dragon was appealed to. It is charged by the boy and his mother that he was kidnapped by the agents of the grand dragon, taken to his office and there, in the room containing his surgeon's operating table, was threatened with a criminal operation unless he did what the grand dragon directed he should do, regardless of the rights of the parties involved to be heard in a court of record under the constitution and laws of the land, guaranteeing every man the right of trial by jury in such cases. These are the rights that our forefathers fought, bled and died for, but they amounted to nothing in this case, according to these allegations. The then district attorney, Colonel Van Cise, filed a criminal information against the grand dragon in my court, charging him with kidnapping this boy and forcing him into a marriage under threats and intimidations. The then judge of the criminal court, now governor of the state, left the bench to come to the rescue of the grand dragon and personally went on his bond for immediate release. In view of my stand on the Klan as citizen, I granted, as judge, a change of venue to another court for the trial of the felony charge of kidnapping against the grand dragon.

In the Colorado legislature, a majority of the House are klansmen, handpicked by the grand dragon and his associates. Wherever the civil service laws would permit, those persons not klansmen have been relieved from public office. One of the most notable and at the same time regrettable cases is that of Gertrude Vaile, secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections. Miss Vaile was holding on desperately to what was left of what had been about the only state public welfare bureau we have had. As secretary, with her knowledge, efficiency and ability, and upon a meager salary, she was not only carrying on a big piece of social work for this state, but, in a magnificent program prepared by her, she was our mainstay and our chief hope for that revival of social and child welfare work that is much needed in this state, notwithstanding much good work that is already being done. No better evidence of Klan incompetency and Klan bigotry could be mentioned than this arbitrary removal by the Klan governor of Miss Vaile.

Space does not permit my going into the various schemes proposed by the governor and the legislature to extend the power and domination of the Klan over state agencies, powers and activities. They more than justified the proud boast of one of our leading Klan dictators "that no state government had been so thoroughly Klan organized or was on the road to such complete Klan domination as that of Colorado. "If anyone inside or outside the Klan dared oppose them," he concluded, "we can crush them like that!" bringing his fist with a smash to the table.

Thus, with the state militia, (*Continued on page 319*)

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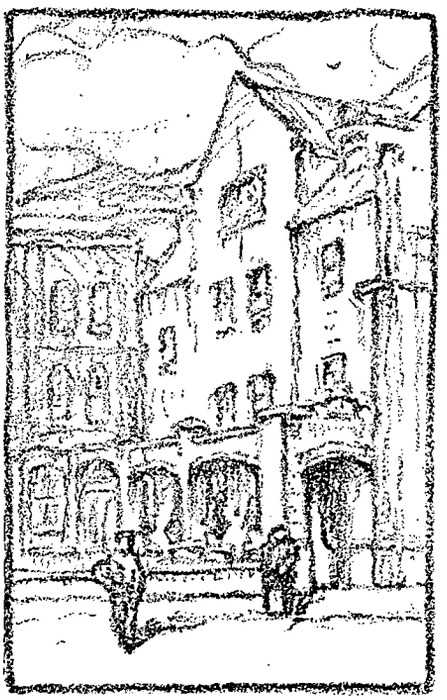
Hull House—A Souvenir

By FRANCIS HACKETT

Sketches by Norah Hamilton

CHICAGO in 1906. It is a great roaring welter between the stockyards and the river, with a rich smell coming on the south wind. Upton Sinclair has told its raw horror and waste of pain in the red fable of The Jungle; Knut Hamsun showed in Hunger how it could twist the life out of a man; Frank Harris revealed a group of its early anarchists in The Bomb; Frank Norris revealed better-dressed and more cheerful anarchists scrambling in The Pit; Henry B. Fuller drew with a fine needle the polite comedy of the North Side in his early novel With The Procession; and Robert Herrick from the university exposed its spiritual muddle in Together. Up and down this scale there are rifts of music in the roar—flashes of mind, flights of clear laughter, of youth, of true humor, of broad and sanguine goodwill. There is money to be made by the bucketful and money to be scattered with a high hand. Then the roar closes down on you again, a hideous cacophony.

In the midst of this huge and frantic improvisation which called itself a city; which outgrew itself every night, and every morning stuck out its silly chest and boasted; in this whirl of immigrants which wetted its mortar with the blood of weaker immigrants, there was at least one respite and haven. Hull House was of Chicago and yet other than Chicago. It was a cry of personality, a declaration of the meaning of life, a protest of values, a lifeline.



The entrance of Hull House

When I went to live at Hull House in 1906, I did not really know it, and I was totally ignorant of settlement work as I was devoid of missionary spirit. I was torn at that time between the two impulses of wanting to know Chicago and wanting to escape from it, and I went to Hull House both for escape and for reconcilement.

I went there, as one always goes into a new experience, on the terms and in the light of the inappropriate things I already knew. Only very slowly did I frame for myself the kind of experience I was having. As I trusted myself to it gradually and suspiciously, and felt it give back more than it was receiving from me, I began to realize the peculiar quality of this strange American creation, its quality of goodness, of intelligence, of decent conscience, which filled Hull House almost to overflowing, and which renewed itself constantly from Miss Addams as a fountain is renewed.

To this day, meeting Miss Addams or her associates, the values of that year at Hull House take new shape and depth for me. In this way, later impressions mingling with the earlier, and feelings with facts, I want to give my picture of Hull House.

It is a picture, first of all, of being a resident grouped with other residents. The building in which we lived on Halsted Street did not fall back from the street. It was plump in the middle of the neighborhood, and yet it had a long semi-cloistral corridor and a grave, deep spacious reception hall which declared you were out of the world. We who came there on probation before we were accepted as residents could hardly help feeling it was a sort of withdrawn community. But in its being withdrawn it was anything but mystical or dogmatic. Its faith was humanism. It "warmed both hands before the fire of life." No newcomer could resist its ease, its tolerance or its cordiality. The ferocious loneliness of Chicago in those early thin-skinned days made me reluctant to consider Hull House quite real, at first sight, and then made me enter into its community with thirsty zeal.

All, or nearly all, of the residents were employed outside the Settlement during the day, and many of them in work that was not "social work." At that time, for instance, I was literary editor of the Chicago Evening Post, Chicago's genteel evening paper. I followed Tiffany Blake as editor in the book department and writer of reviews and literary notes, and at the same time I succeeded Roswell Field, Eugene Field's brother, in writing editorials, my contribution being from twelve to fifteen a week. In addition, to give J. C. Shaffer full value for his money, I worked up features such as Little Talks about Big People, etc. For these trivial services Mr. Shaffer paid me $23 a week, later hoisted to $28, and, in the course of five years, to $43. As my room and board at Hull House only came to $7 or $8, I had good cold reasons for being glad to live there, in a big, rather somber mission-furniture room. But, of course, I had duties at Hull House when I came back from the Evening Post. I had a weekly or bi-weekly class in English, trying to expound Shakespeare to young Russian Jewesses. I had a club of Irish boys, to whom I dispensed polysyllables and who were as much puzzled by me as I was by them. One evening a week I took the door, the easiest of all duties, and in some ways

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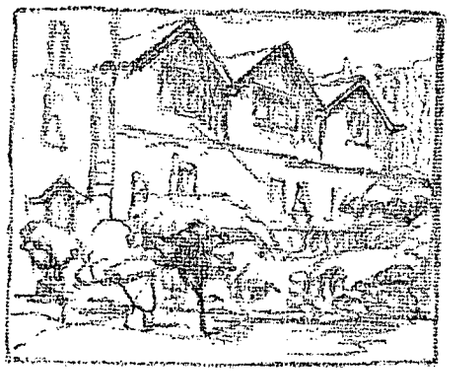

The music school

the most in contact with the neighborhood.

But it was contact with the residents, not with the neighborhood, which seemed to me more real at the beginning. We were a diverse group, mainly young, and meeting each other no more intimately than shipmates and messmates, outside the important residents. Yet my recollection is one of vivid and colored personalities that managed in some way to harmonize.

There were two sets in Hull House; we named them the Noble Set and the Frivolous Set, but I cannot imagine a diverse community in which there was less division or friction. We did not behave like business partners trying to round the corners of each other's silences, or like huddled intellectuals, or like rasping literary groups, or even like those theological seminaries and college faculties whose members develop vested interests and are full of gossip and spite. Our probation, I suppose, did result in a real selection. Certain thorny people were not admitted. We who were there, at any rate, were in harmony.

But this harmony did not root out differences. I can see the residents now, Miss Benedict in her effacing dress, like a Holbein print, her hands busy, her tongue silent. Fraulein, big-boned and almost Mongolian-looking, with occasional positive utterance. Mrs. Britton, ample and active, her eyes quickly responsive and soft; articulate, very. Mr. Britton with a Raphaelic smile, big and brown and like a St. Bernard. Mr. George Hooker, steel-rimmed glasses, hair a little untidy, myopic, crammed with statistics on municipal ownership, unoiled, dry and good. Frank Hazenplug, almost unbearably aesthetic, dancing pliantly, hard at work in the Hull House Theatre, painting, nailing, doing make-up, with a nervous giggle to hide his inarticulateness. Miss Nancrede, devotee of Henry James, skilled in vanishing from the successes she contrived, and disciplined as only the French can be disciplined. Von Borosini, the Austrian, naive as the dawn, kindly and rambling, vague as the mist. Carl Linden the Swede, who talked in a slow growl and brought with him the outdoor feeling, the stubborn fight, the unsentimentalism, the strong color, that he put into his paintings. Charlie Yeomans with eyes squeezed up when he laughed, solid worth, twinkling with humor yet subsiding into gloom. Miss Gernon, solid worth too, puzzled at life. Ned Yeomans, with a crackling laugh, full of the same Saxon manliness as Charlie, also an inchoate soul. Miss Alice Hamilton, clear as an etching, liberally intelligent, discerning, with a voice of such fine music that could only be matched by the candor of her eyes and the fine hands. Miss Norah Hamilton, shy, sidelong, original, a Brontë, looking at one like a deer through the brake. Miss Clara Lonsberg, of Bryn Mawr vintage, valiant, tense, souffrante, at once impatient and remorseful, indefatigable and worn-out. Miss Mary Smith, wise, tolerant, unspoken. And, of course, Twose.

The courtyard

George Mortimer Randall Plantagenet Twose, or something of that sort. Him at any rate I shall sacrifice without decency. He was an Englishman who had a teaching job which sat very lightly on him. He gave one the impression of laughing at life and yet skipping away from it. He wanted above everything to be free, and at the same time to satisfy a conscience which had the disadvantages of being fastidious and social. But, of course, he concealed his conscience as he clothed his nakedness.

My room was next to his, up a short flight of stairs off the corridor, and right on Halsted Street. He had decorated his wall with great squares of tinfoil or silver paper out of tea chests, the whole side of the wall—it was peculiarly ghastly. He was painting a picture, an oil painting of olive trees near Athens, and it pleased him to change the foliage of this perennial picture according to the season of the year he was re-painting it.

The fireplace in the entrance hall

He pooh-poohed Shaw. He pooh-poohed uplift. At the least sound of indignation he'd say, "Rats, it'll all be the same in a hundred years." He feared above all things to wear his heart on his sleeve. "You are bitterly young, aren't you?", he said to me, laughing his long laugh. I remembered that for months, being bitterly young. I got him to review "Hills and the Sea," by Belloc. He wrote his review on odd sheets of paper, a hopeless and disorderly scrawl, and one that did not capture the quality of Twose. It bored him. Formal, harnessed effort bored him, but he effervesced in Hull House; he was incessantly useful and resourceful by stealth. "Oh, why do you do that, Miss Addams?" he'd query her, with an assurance that was always justified by his suggestion. He was counted on, by Miss Addams. He had that invaluable English sense of people which makes snobbishness in the majority of cases but a Borrow-like humanism in others. Twose had imagination for the lame and halt, he never flagged when it came to entertaining the dull, it was only the intimate young things he shied away from, set parties and set sentiments.

On his way home to England, seeing his native shores again, and visualizing his Set, he bundled up his evening clothes and pushed them through the porthole into the sea.

A very long-headed man, with a high bald forehead, twinkling eyes, a hoarsish cracked voice, a long yet gainly body, something of the capricious and something of the romantic Englishman.

Hull House was the only place in Chicago for a restive man like Twose, and Twose was excellent for Hull House. When they acted Shaw or Yeats, when they got up a

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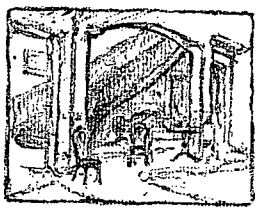


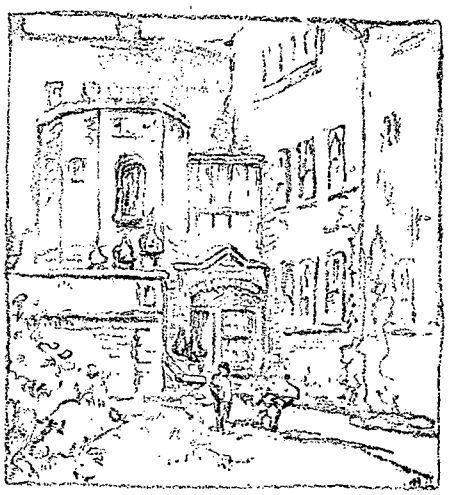
The stair

dance, when people came who were interested in the Labor Museum, Twose rose to the occasion, an antidote to Noble Souls. But there were things he wouldn't do. The afternoon James Bryce arrived, Twose was making his own tea, and I could not get him to budge. The ambassador downstairs was important to "tote," but not as important as that.

With such persons as residents, Hull House was vibrant. To me, the literary bird of passage, they were not "copy," and yet after twenty years I can remember casual things they said. Ned Yeomans, quoting, "walking alone like the rhinoceros," and, of course, wishing he had a hide like a rhinoceros, which was in vain. Miss Lonsberg commenting on George Eliot with scorn unfathomable, "Of course, she could say to Cross, 'I need you to tell me you love me, every hour.' It was just like that woman!"

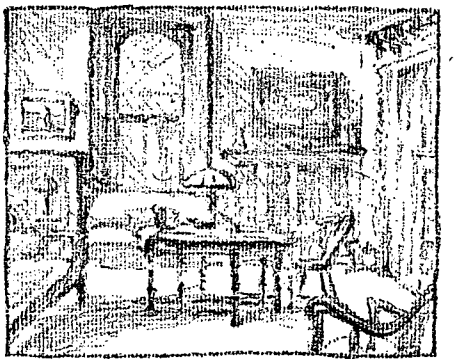
This was far from social work, and I wonder now what Miss Addams thought about her residents. We were well-behaved, we did our classes and so on, but we were not yoked oxen. I always had the feeling I did not do enough. Yet in Miss Addams there was no reproof. I can well remember how often, with residents passing through the room where people sat around the common table on occasion, Miss Addams would say, "Mr. Hooker! You can help us. What do you think. . . ." Her attitude was, "you can help," and because she elicited goodwill in a common cause, that cause preoccupied the residents. In other groups where social idealism brings its practitioners very liberal funds, high prestige and flattering publicity, the will-to-rule is likely to be stimulated, which in a hysterical period like the present leads to intrigue and politics and ends in the will-to-war. But this irony never confronted Hull House, where there was little prestige or publicity and no pay. The House not only recruited strong characters, it was excited about them.

In 1906 or 1907, I was told. "Miss Lathrop is coming! Miss Lathrop is coming!" as if it were an occasion for public rejoicing. I had never heard of Miss Lathrop; the name was a fashionable name in Chicago, and I thought this was much too fawning. I did not know Miss Julia Lathrop of Rockford, Illinois, who brought with her such force, such warmth, such an almost rouguish sense of the tragi-comedy of American politics. You felt she enjoyed the game, and through the game could bring into being the Children's Bureau or anything else, without losing sight for one moment of the big end she had in view. Her brown eyes, so sincere, but with a sparkle lurking in them, her slow redolent voice, her flavor of Illinois, gave her a richness which was valued by colleagues who had less vitality. Yet that almost Italian salience was only one kind of strength. There was a variety of strong character. The group that included Mrs. Kelley, Miss Lathrop, Dr. Hamilton, Miss Grace Abbott and Miss Addams has made itself objectively important in the life of the American people.



The courtyard entrance to Hull House

In this impression of Hull House I record nothing of one of its founders, Miss Ellen Starr. It would be a pity to omit mention of one whose fearlessness, whose ardor for beauty, stirred many a young person to a new zeal—and a new appreciation of the difference between the best and its enemy, the good. But my own knowledge of her was slight, I remember most of all her fresh laughter, her passage with head thrown a little back, and a touch of whiteness at throat and wrists. And who could forget the pervading gentleness of Miss Waite, or the buoyancy of Mrs. Pelham; or even the glimpse of such a gallant visitor as Raymond Robins.



The room where the small group gathered

THE essential fact of Hull House, the dominant fact was the presence of Miss Addams. This is strange because while one was living there Miss Addams was away a good deal of the time, and when she was there one did not have a great deal to do with her; yet Hull House, as one clearly felt at the time, was not an institution over which Miss Addams presided, it was Miss Addams, around whom an institution insisted on clustering.

However she might deprecate it, and no one was more skillful than Miss Addams in deprecation, we often said, "without her, it's—nothing."

A fine building, of course, and a fine group of people. A neighborhood that seethed with things to consider and do. But we returned to her personality for the overwhelming reason that our own personalities gained in value through contact with hers. She had the power to value human beings, to appreciate them, and to feel in terms of them. I do not mean to manipulate them in the fashion of a Disraeli, who, simulating that interest and that respect, twisted human beings around his jewelled finger. That is a trick to which human vanity lends itself and which innumerable public men employ, the Lloyd Georges and the Roosevelts, the makers of a "personal following." It is a trick which accounts for the inferiority of personal followings, but with Miss Addams it was not a trick, it was depersonal and disinterested. It really was her way of life.

Let me illustrate it. After the Titanic went down, someone spoke to her of the loss of the "important" people on board. She shook her head. She felt sorry for W. T. Stead, for J. J. Astor, and the other headliners, but in that distinction of important and unimportant there

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was nothing final for Miss Addams. Each of the fourteen hundred had lost his own life, and her heart was moved alike for each of them, man, woman and child.

The durable fact about Miss Addams, with regard to Hull House as with regard to Chicago and the United States and the world, was that people were not *objects* outside herself. They were persons with wills to be respected, attitudes to be considered, consent to be gained. Unlike the gentlemen who framed the articles of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, she did not divide them into the godly and the carnal, into the faithful and the heathen, into the propertied and the unpropertied. She was too human to have "human respect."

When she woke up one night to find a burglar in her room in Hull House, the only thing that frightened her was to see the young man run for the window. She was afraid he'd jump out and hurt himself in falling, and she cried to him to stop, telling him to take the door that led comfortably downstairs. It showed his faith in human nature that he obeyed her.

If Bernard Shaw had invented Miss Addams, he could not have created a better incident to illustrate her character. With her matchless sincerity, which is the trait I should put first, there is this solicitude which is deep and boundless—almost one would say, as big as the solicitude that most of us have for our private property. Miss Addams has it rather for the property of others in their health and sanity, their body and bones. She really had a strong neighborhood feeling for that young gentleman visitor, and she didn't want anyone from the neighborhood to get hurt.

The world being her neighborhood, she had the same solicitude afterward about the war. For to Miss Addams, after all, as to Frenchmen like Anatole France, as to Englishmen like Bertrand Russell, as to Germans and Austrians and Italians who could be named, the war was truly civil war. She *knew* the combatants. She could not have made Hull House without knowing them.

Hull House was American because it was international, and because it perceived that the nationalism of each immigrant was a treasure, a talent, which gave him a special value for the United States.

We were flooded by nationalisms. How many nights did I not stay awake while the interminable whine of Greek folk-music came across Halsted Street to my exasperated ears. Had not Miss Addams gathered Greeks by the hundred to come to the Theatre during their unemployment so that English words could be taught to them in chorus and en masse. The Greeks to her were a Presence, a possibility no doubt of human suffering, but also a group that was suffused with reality for her, a group with a cluster of warm and ripened association. She felt the aura of Greece when she dealt with them. She had a heart for them, or rather an imagination for them, a grasp of their difficulties and their fractured loyalty.

And if the Greeks were neighbors, with their sharp profiles and sharper wits, the Italians were not less neighbors. An Italian family lived in the House, the handsome matron who ran the coffee house, her seignorial husband who was an editor, and the two boys, one chiselled Latin and the other a ball of Nordic-Latin energy. But there was also the stream of Italian life from the neighborhood, the black eyes blazing out of immobile faces, the withered mothers, the gnarled fathers who seemed to carry with them the parched heat of a beating sun; and out of these indurated workers, these people made over by their toil into something like terra cotta itself, an occasional revelation of an inner life so hued by time, so fantastic and so tragically passionate that only a Miss Addams could find the clue to it. She has herself told the story of the Devil Baby that was torturing her neighbors, within sound of factory whistles.

In the crises of many lives, Hull House was an asylum. I recall late one night I went down to answer the door at Hull House. Elsie Smith, Miss Addams's secretary, had arrived first, and she had let in an Italian woman. I shall not forget the crouching woman in the swathing shadows below, she had run away from a house of prostitution. I see Miss Smith in a long grey robe on the broad low stairs that led up to Miss Addams's room, her face with that look of stilly, starlike calmness, of self-collection, that it never lost. In the quietness the woman knew she was safe, and Miss Smith made plans with Miss Addams in a low tone.

The Irish did not come with quite the same magnificent gesture as the Latins, who make a large free donation of their helplessness and who keep marvellous capacity for dramatic entry and surprise. A few Irish remained, to enliven the neighborhood. One afternoon I came back to Hull House to see crowds in the street, or rather a few torn whisps of a crowd that was scattering. In the House itself there was a sense that the worst had happened. Mrs. B., her brown eyes full of suppressed fire and her jaw set, looked forward to court. One of her Irish friends, apparently, had loosed the passion that was in him under the very walls of Hull House, had started a bloody and wondrous fight that was only halted by the arrival of the patrol-wagon. Still sweeping the air with blows and curses, the little bantam had been taken away to cool himself, leaving Hull House shaken and unhappy.

What shook it was not the normal householder's dismay over unruliness. It was the difficulty of doing the right thing that Miss Addams later expressed in The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Here was Youth, flashing, wrong-headed, turbulent, Hull House was on its side, and yet the young devil asked for the patrol-wagon! What could you do with him? His mother would be around, in a mood of despair that only Peter Dunne could describe; what could *she* do with her firebrand?

One thing, at least, was done on the highly traditional occasion of St. Patrick's Day. Though many of the Irish who were once thick in the neighborhood had become better off and had moved away, they came back on St. Patrick's Night to a dance that showed Hull House at its most exciting.

For people like myself, who could dance in every way but with their feet, it still was a festivity. The preparations for it occupied weeks, the North Side helping, Crans Baldwin and B. Poole and others, and grave residents like Miss Benedict working like beavers, without a word. The music was daring, for that time, and the on-and-off lighting was a great feature nineteen years ago. But the main thing was the dance itself, which, in spite of its congestion and tropic warmth, had a way of seeming fresh and free, a way of seeming choral, and of releasing everyone into a hilarious mob. I suppose this can be done by any kind of group play, by mass, by revival meetings and by fighting. But Hull House did it for the Irish, and the North Side guests, with music and lighting, festoons, favors, streamers and dancing.

No other nationality pulled off quite so glorious a stunt

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as the Irish, but Hull House had far deeper connections on the humanist side with the English and especially the Russians. In Chicago in 1906 there was some vagueness about Russia. A reporter from Hearst's Examiner came to see Miss Addams on her return from Europe, and when she told him that she had been in Russia and had visited Tolstoy, petrified her by saying, "That's fine. Now, who is this Tolstoy?" The Hull House Theatre fresco showed Leo Tolstoy at the plough, to which Miss Addams may have taken the reporter.

Russian Jews and Jewesses came in great numbers to the classes at Hull House, and had special leanings toward literature. Whenever Miss Addams got a hand-made tragedy, "The Tragedy of Julious Caesar," by an aspiring girl to whom Caesar was, as to Shakespeare, an incentive to blank verse, I had the privilege of reading the manuscript. I was even allowed to read Miss Addams's current book in proof, and to make suggestions. The skill with which she extricated herself from suggestions has always amazed me. After a whole night combing one of her paragraphs into an order that to my weary brain seemed superlative, I'd find that bit by bit, with perfect uncombativeness and humility, Miss Addams would have restored all the snarls. She liked them, they said what she had to say, and she was right.

Henry B. Fuller was of the Little Room group that included Edith Wyatt, I. K. Friedman, Irving Pond, Allen Pond and other friends of Hull House; as a fine literary critic he groaned a little because Miss Addams selected such vast titles. For example, Democracy and Social Ethics, or Newer Ideals of Peace. They are, in truth, inclusive titles, but Miss Addams' is an inclusive genius. One cannot talk to her for five minutes, one cannot watch her face—swept so often by shadows as far hills are swept by a shadow when a cloud moves across them and yet which live in a light of their own—without realizing that hers is the great gift of synthesis, of bringing things to unity, by "patience, subtlety and breadth."

It is Sheldon of Dartmouth who defines the type of philosophy that "gains by yielding; its spirit is not aggressive, but meek; it rules by love rather than fear. Its code is that of non-resistance." But he makes the mistake of seeing the outcome as conservative and compromising. No, in Miss Addams, as in Fridthjof Nansen, there is no mush of compromise. Their humanity is warm, clear and free, but it is anything but soft. To be hard on herself is, indeed, just as much an instinct with Miss Addams as with Nansen. There have been times at Hull House when the disgracefulness of Miss Addams's hat has led to protest, and when her united friends have forced her to reform. Her asceticism, however, has been part of that self-scrutiny which is alive to what is due—to others. Like Nansen, again, one feels in her presence that to be an "other" is in itself a title to her recognition. Like him, she has included Turks, Greeks, Soviet, Reactionary. And, like him, she has asked for no passports nor installed an Ellis Island.

I do not say that she has not had twinges of conservatism. We had a baptism once at Hull House, a kind of vegetarian baptism. I think Jenkin Lloyd Jones officiated, looking like a benign old Druid, and the baby was the progeny of the James Webber Linns. I do not know whether they handed that well-behaved baby a white flower, but I have a vague recollection of the kindly patriarch's tickling the soles of the baby's feet and adjuring her—it was a her?—to walk in the paths of seemliness and righteousness. The name of God was avoided with a prudishness that delighted me. A baptism without God was so chic that I closed my eyes to the anomaly of there being a baptism at all. But I remember Miss Addams looking a little lost, a little mournful and thoughtful, after the ceremony. She confessed it was rather "queer," to her sense.

When one glanced at her book-shelves in her dark-hued room, one felt the "tremulous cadence slow," the "eternal note of sadness" of these good Englishmen who were left in the nursery without the old flame-haired doll. There was John Morley, not the private sage who liked his bottle of champagne and his cheery epigram, but the author of Compromise, noble as an unheated meeting-house where, in the intervals of feeling your chilblains, you learn that you must deceive no one on earth, except possibly your faith-bound mother. Mill, Lecky, Matthew Arnold, the quantitative Webbs. Miss Addams valued them, and once, when I ventured the ignorant remark before her that Matthew was a "glorified book reviewer," I found the remark returned to me like a bad nickel.

But what made Miss Addams free, what gave her a Map of Life so much more plastic than Lecky's, was the loyalty to life in which she never failed. She was as ready for the Russians as for the Greeks or the Irish. Kropotkin and Tolstoy were the names best-loved, and one was always hearing of Breschkovskaia. But it was after 1905, and whether Russians believed in bomb-throwing or didn't believe in bomb-throwing, they came to the House. With her precious and inexhaustible gift for conscientious objection, Miss Addams did not accept assassination. Her range of vision on direct action went farther than the vision of such Russians as Tchaikovsky. Yet he and his companion were able to stay at Hull House, where they argued their faith to unconvinced Miss Addams.

You could picture Miss Addams as a person solely of good works. I have been talking to her when, in answer to a ring at the door, she would let in a "bum" who wanted a cup of coffee. And she herself would lead him into the Coffee House, and, with her curious air of earnest pleading politeness, would say, "Mary, *would* you give this man a cup of coffee?" To the hobo, and to Miss Addams, nothing seemed more natural, but these incidents of humanity never meant that Hull House interposed mere charity between itself and the rough-and-tumble world.

Hull House lived in a bracing, not a mawkish, atmosphere. It met the world vigorously. I don't think the child-labor gentry would say that the opposition which Hull House generated was mawkish. Miss Addams on the School Board was not precisely mawkish when my good friend P. Shelly O'Ryan—who looked like a florid Van Loon—wanted to put something over. And there was nothing mawkish when she went to the Big Bazoo of local journalism at the time, Jim Keeley, to ask him to print the truth about Gorki.

"Marriage, you know, Miss Addams, is a Sacred Cow!"

Miss Addams came away from that interview with the air of slight puzzlement which she often wore after encountering the formulas by which men like Keeley kept their public and their jobs.

The Sacred Cow has had a great many calves since then. Miss Addams's synthesis, however, has never been the popular religion of working out the synthetic calf. If she became a sort of Public Defender in Chicago, she never ceased to disappoint the partisans. The socialists never found her

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socialist enough, and the communists were as disappointed as the patriots. All the special groups—the strikers, the employers, the school teachers, the single taxers,—had it in them to turn sorrowfully away from Miss Addams when they found she was not *regular*. They could not see the real synthesis—awful word—she was making, the combination of loyalty to ideals and loyalty to life.

With all her relentless use of private judgment, she has never become the Thoreau who can make a fine moral issue over the tiniest detail of his pots and pans. Her career, as I see it, has been one glorious succession of positive decisions in defiance of the luxury of conscience. She went sa far, in 1912, as being a Progressive, though she had no illusions about the Sacred Bull Moose.

It is this acceptance of life, life in the crude, that brought Hull House into existence. And I for one dislike the sentimentalism which classes Miss Addams as a super-being, as if Hull House had not been immersed in Halsted Street.

One evening we had W. T. Stead with us as a visitor; it must have been five or six years before he went down with the Titanic in 1912. Stead was confident that he was the important person in the gathering, and that his pronouncements were the golden pronouncements. He did indeed refer to Miss Addams as a "saint," but with expansive masculine good nature. He practically patted her on the head.

Along with this attitude, that a "saint" is negligible, you find the other attitude that a "saint" is dangerous. It is the way in which common folk deal with a personality that is disinterested and sincere.

By chance I was in Chicago shortly after the Armistice, when Miss Addams was to speak to a woman's club in favor of the League of Nations. With that tentativeness which is so characteristic of Miss Addams, so like the tremor of a structure that is at once beautifully sensitive and quite secure, she wondered whether she would be listened to, in view of the *furor anti-germanicus* aroused in some Amazon breasts. I went to the lecture, which was a plea for internationalism that might have melted Lodge. It traced the infant toddlings toward cooperation of great nations, their little efforts to standardize for seamen such things as nuts, bolts, screws. If there were angry women present, they could not find a syllable to retort to the words of Miss Addams. Her voice of rather tremulous reasonableness rose like a bird that was migrating once more to the cold regions against a stream of opposition, that was leaving the ark after the deluge. It was the voice not so much of moral courage, though her courage was needed to sustain her, as the voice of her steady, pure conviction which had not yielded to the hurricane, and which would persist even if the hurricane roared.

It was a voice, I confess, to which I listened with much feeling. I could understand how the war had aroused American egoism, how it had changed the feeling toward "Europeans" and given old-timers a strong and concerned feeling about their proprietorship in the country. But I was not an old-timer, I was one of these alien Europeans—conscripted, no doubt, to risk my neck for America if need be, but still "European," not the real thing. And it was as an immigrant that I listened to Miss Addams. I had gone to Hull House with that sort of slant on America, had seen her there in the thick of it, in that thronging, complex, impromptu world. She and William James had seemed to me the two great Americans, the only two great Americans, of the period I knew about. And I felt that here was real Americanism, beautifully and utterly different from the hot and heady surges of the Powerful Women—women of that middle age which William James has defined as "ambition and policy, acquisitiveness, responsibility to others, and the selfish zest of the battle of life."

The young were upheaved by the war? Perhaps they were, but they were not half so upset as my generation, the generation that was about thirty in 1914. We thought then that we knew our world. We had more or less made up our minds to it; we had invested our attention in it and built our frame for it; and we expected to go on living inside that framework that we had been shaping from fifteen to thirty. When, bang, Europe convulsed itself, and the map began to writhe.

How pathetically, how egoistically, how futilely we hoped in 1914 that it would all be over in a few months. As the worst crept on us, our old life began to be submerged. We did not square it with the new life. Most of us thought it could never be squared. We abandoned it. The flood came in our windows, and we floated away on the parlor table, looking for a green hill.

It seemed possible, at the beginning, that someone would speak the saving word. I counted on Bernard Shaw, myself, and I rather counted on H. G. Wells. The deluge swamped these pro-Allies, as it swamped a number of people of obverse bent who now imagine that they spent the war years in jail with Roger Baldwin and Eugene Debs. The war was too overwhelming. We had ideals of peace, the great English liberal tradition blended with the great democratic Chicago experience, but, against our wishes, against our hopes, and against our consciences, we hideously, horribly, filthily and futilely broke with our own aspirations and went with the crowd.

So, in self-defense, we began to see that, under their store clothes, millions of people were primitive, that they ran off Over There with the same celerity as a hymn. We saw mankind in the gross, and made them objects, made them merely quantitative, held them to be mechanical units in a system of human mass production, took them to pieces behavioristically and at best endowed them with Vital Fictions.

This is war-pathology. It is largely due to the war-mind that has afflicted us and that has not been cleansed by humanism.

Such humanism as Miss Addams', just the same, has not been superseded. Contrary to the spirit of war and of mass-psychology, it begins by valuing the human being. This is romantic, if you like; it is certainly the basis of the liberal and the democratic experiment. But it is not the sentimental belief that H. L. Mencken has properly riddled. It is a humanism as patient as any other great art, imaginative, kind, but scrupulously sincere. It takes the time to know, to feel and to act honestly. To give the Germans the gold-brick of the Fourteen Points, for instance, may have seemed endlessly sound from the standpoint of swaying opinion for so-called peace, but it is not the sort of statesmanship that a humanist like Miss Addams has dealt in. She has had "newer ideals of peace." It is to those ideals that Hull House testifies. Out of such a spirit no war could ever have risen. Without such a spirit no peace can be really willed.

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Photograph from Underwood and Underwood

What the wind left on one farm in De Sota, Illinois

Untwisting the Wind's Tail

The New Red Cross Way of Undoing a Tornado's Work

By WILLIAM B. TAYLOR

SEATED beside a mass of splintered timber which yesterday had been his home, an Illinois farmer was digesting his misery. A prosperous farm, with spacious barns, good live stock, and acres of fertile land had been brought to ruin in a few seconds. The same fate that had so bountifully smiled on him had now turned to mock him.

A rustle in a mass of twisted wreckage attracted his attention. A large piece of tin began a fantastic dance. From beneath it emerged a tall and once stately rooster—sans feathers, sans comb, sans everything except a proud, undaunted spirit. The bird shook himself vigorously several times, strutted around and posted himself on the remains of the barnyard fence. Lifting his torn and tattered head skyward, he let out a mighty crow, proclaiming to the world that no mere tornado could make much difference after all.

This one bit of comedy in a maze of tragedy kindled in the farmer a spirit of hope and optimism. If that rooster could grow new feathers, and could crow with all the audacity of former days, a man could build new barns and start life again.

The tornado of March 18 sweeping through southern Missouri, Illinois and Indiana inflicted a dual penalty on the farmers. Property loss was heavy. Many of them saw the accumulations of a life time swept away in a moment. But more than this, the destructive winds piled up the timbers and debris of their homes and barns on fertile fields which were thus made untillable at a time when days were dollars. Spring plowing and planting was at hand. The task of clearing the lands, gigantic in its proportions, was one that crushed their initiative. Many of them, in despair, gave up hope of making crops this year and resigned themselves to fate.

When this situation arose in northern Ohio last June following the tornado which wrecked Lorain, the American Red Cross instituted an emergency relief measure that was as unique as the problem which gave rise to it. That measure was promptly called into play again.

Soon after the tornado of March 18, farmers were gazing with astonishment at a caravan of heavy army trucks,

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carrying a large corps of men with wrecking equipment, plying their cumbersome way through the by-roads of southern Illinois and Indiana. From one farm to another they went, placing at the farmer's disposal the entire outfit for the emergency work he needed done. What had been an hopeless task for the farmer alone, was a small one for the rural caravan, with its many workers and adequate facilities for removing heavy obstacles.

Only an eye-witness can realize the amount of debris which was deposited on these farming lands. From one ten-acre field the caravan removed twelve army truck loads of splintered boards, limbs of tree, pieces of furniture, tin, slate and pieces of farming machinery. Some of the debris had been blown for miles. Sticking upright in the center of one field was a part of a sign board which read: "What Do You Want? We Have It!" One look at the field would have justified such a boast. Anything from part of a barber's chair to the latest designs in linoleum were to be had there for the asking. Thrown against the remains of an old cowshed on another farm was a cardboard placard reading: "Revival Services Tonight." One farmer in the tornado district could not appreciate the wind's sense of humor in sticking upright on his pump handle a sign reading: "Fresh Milk Here."

Of as much service as the actual clearing of the land was the lifting of the psychological burden from the farmers. It brought them out of their maze of despondency and feeling of helplessness into a realization that they would not have to face the future friendless. The farm bureaus, the agricultural advisors, the Red Cross and other agencies were there to help them back on their feet. Many farmers said frankly that before the arrival of the caravan they had not had the courage to face the task.

One farmer was sitting on the remains of an old settee amid the ruins of his home when the caravan rumbled into his lane. He had 160 acres of fertile land covered with the litter of the storm. His home and barns were gone. All his live stock had been killed. When the tornado struck, it had also killed his three aged sisters who lived with him. The caravan manager asked what his plans were. Had he begun to clear his land? No. Had he decided what crops to plant? No. He said he came out each morning determined to go to work, but the enormity of the task unnerved him. Each morning he had strolled over to the ruins of his home and sat down to "think things over." Each evening he had returned more despondent and hopeless. He showed hardly enough interest to tell the men what he wanted done.

They left him on the settee and began clearing a twenty-acre field. The old man watched them in silence, making no move to help in the work. When two hours had passed, and a decided impression had been made on the chaotic mass, he came over to the edge of the field and watched. A small army of workers was piling the debris, while others came in the trucks and hauled it off the land. Finally he began to work himself, and by dark the field was ready for plowing and planting. As the work progressed, he showed increasing interest; and early the next morning, when the caravan left, he was out in the fields working "on his own."

Surprising to the caravan workers was the appreciation and the unselfish attitude of the farmers. Few of them tried to take advantage of the opportunity to get work done that was not of an emergency character. Generally they asked too little of the workers rather than too much. One man with 45 acres insisted that if they would only clear one three-acre field, he could start plowing and gradually clear the others. He did not realize how great was the task and how limited his own strength. Another farmer insisted that he and his son could do their clean-up work easily, and told the caravan manager to move on to his neighbor's farm, where aid was needed more.

Into the Red Cross office at McLeansboro, Illinois, a long-bearded German immigrant farmer walked one morning. He began to tell his troubles to the representative. He had no money to hire help. His team were killed. His land was so littered with debris that he thought he could never clear it. He had not felt the courage to go home for a week. The worker asked him where he lived, consulted a map, and was able to tell him that the caravan had been there two days ago, and that his lands were cleared and ready for planting. The old man sat down and cried. It was the first time, he told her, that anyone had ever done anything for him without pay.

An erratic cow at one of the farms caused the workers some delay and also some amusement. Standing amid the ruins of the shed in which she had been housed, she resisted with threatening moos and ominous shakes of her long horns all attempts to move her. Several attempts to dissuade her from this course soon convinced the caravan men that the cow was decidedly "sot" in her ways. In the end, woman-like, she had her will.

At one farm, it was found necessary to do a little first aid work on the farmer's wardrobe. He had lost almost all his clothes. When the Red Cross men asked what he needed he answered: "If you can (*Continued on page* 316)

Tasks that would have staggered a farmer working alone were small ones for the Red Cross crew

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Our Orphaned Asylums

By R. R. REEDER

The orphan asylum has been disinherited. Its adherents and administrators have been coming gradually to believe in homes—not Homes—for children. Dr. Reeder, after a quarter century of leadership in institutional care for children, here writes his confession of faith in the new order, and discusses the place which, under modern conditions, remains for the children's institution in the family of social agencies.

AS a permanent home for the early years of dependent children, the orphan asylum should go out of business. Its day is past. It is not a real childhood home and cannot by any courtesy of speech claim to be such.

My experience as a young man, as a rural school teacher in the Middle West, as a professor of psychology and pedagogy in a state normal college, as a student of child study and member of the faculty of Teachers College, New York—work which gave me first-hand contact with children in their own rural homes, in city tenement dwellings, in the child activities of the community, and with teachers whose life work was with normal children under normal conditions, furnished the background for my twenty-five years of service in behalf of dependent children.

The convictions set forth in this article crystallize my quarter century of experience with dependent children and children's institutions. I shall have something to say before the close of the article on how the orphanages of America can rise to the new era of present-day methods of child care, how they can be turned to magnificent account. But first I want to drive home this negative verdict on orphanages, as maintained at the present time.

Back of it lies my experience in being called to the directorship of a congregate orphanage in New York city—one founded in 1806, the first established north of the Mason-Dixon Line, where the children slept in gray dormitories, marched in line down gloomy corridors, dressed alike, ate their meals in silence and sang songs adapted to adult saints.

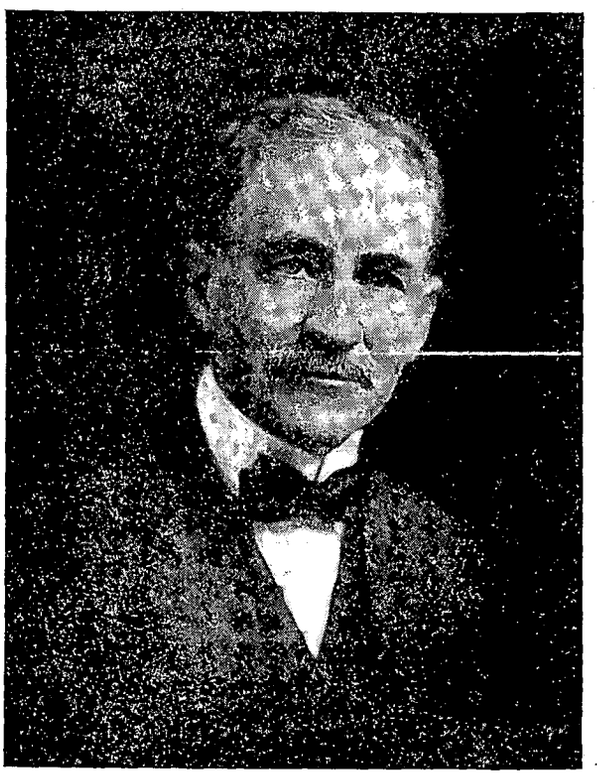
Back of it lies my experience in closing up this dreary abode of childhood, carrying the children twenty miles up the Hudson and reincarnating the institution in the cottage plan of housing.

Back of it lies my twenty years of development of this Home on the Hudson—the emancipation of these institutionalized children through wholesome expansion into cottage home activities and interests, play, work and study; their intellectual development when we took the lid off the top for educational opportunity, opening the way up through high school, technical school and college for every boy or girl who wanted to go that way; all of which I have endeavored to interpret in my book, How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn.

Back of it lies my experience under Mayor Mitchel's administration as one of the official inspectors of the many institutions, Jewish, Protestant and Catholic, to which New York sends its hosts of dependent children; an experience with institutions in the outlying country which were modern; and with institutions whose limited city grounds and drab surroundings had almost imprisoned generations of children.

Back of it lies my experience in war time in organizing the system of adopting French war orphans by American soldiers, leaving each child in the care of his mother or a foster mother.

But, above all, back of it lies my experience in Serbia, where we inaugurated the nation-wide family home care of orphans in that country, which is described in this article—a daring experiment, but one which at the end of seven years has worked out to a solution which leaves the country without a war-orphan problem. Finally, my negative verdict on orphan asylums has been reinforced by an extensive inspection work under commission from the Near East Relief, to visit and study their great institutions for destitute and refugee children in Greece, Thrace, Palestine and Syria—the greatest orphan-child care undertaking the world has ever known.



R. R. Reeder

My convictions, finally, have been renewed and strengthened by the experience of the last two years in working toward the constructive functioning in Ohio of a noble bequest by a man whose love for children was not different from that of the men and

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At the age of two, this little girl was dull, backward, not interested in play and utterly unresponsive. There was a question as to whether she should be sent to a state institution or be placed in a family. Under the care of an interested foster father and mother and special medical attention, she became bright and responsive and measured up to every psychological test, confirmed by human observation. It would have been unlikely that in an institution she could have had the individual attention or the intensive individual treatment necessary to make her a normal human being. The picture on the left shows the child at the age of two; the other shows the effects of the care received in her foster home.

women who have founded orphanages, but whose great wealth we are now turning toward the service of childhood in the newer way.

A wide study of both present-day administration of orphan asylums and of the history of their development was essential in order to understand their relation to the new era of child-care methods and aims.

IN 1695, August Hermann Francke, a great educator, religious teacher and philanthropist of Germany, found one morning in the contribution box for the poor, which he had placed beside his door, three dollars and a half. It was an unusual gift and Francke exclaimed, "This is a great sum and with it I must do a great work." He soon began gathering in "little beggars" from the street to feed, clothe and teach them. Later he began to build a home and school, which was known as Francke's "ragged school." His contributions increased; he added one structure after another until his institution extended a quarter of a mile in length and five stories high, surrounding an open court. This was the beginning of the modern orphan asylum. Francke's orphanage became the model and inspiration of many others in Germany, in other countries of Europe and in America.

Prior to 1801, only six orphan asylums had been established in the United States. By 1830, fifteen had been founded. From that time down to the present day they have increased in number, at some periods very rapidly. In the period from 1890 to 1903, four hundred were established—an average rate of about two and a half per month. At the present time there are about 1,400 in operation.

If the industrial and social conditions of seventy-five or one hundred years ago had continued to the present time, the widow and orphan would still represent the chief claims upon charity. But tremendous changes have taken place which have increased charitable service a hundred-fold. Within recent years families innumerable and whole groups and classes of people have come within its scope. Charity has developed into social service. In the spirit of present-day helpfulness and brotherhood the very term "charity" is being discounted. The good Samaritan didn't extend charity to him that fell among thieves; it was neighborly kindness; and the Samaritan of today offers not charity but brotherly love. The title, The National Conference of Charities and Correction, was discarded eight years ago and the organization rechristened The National Conference of Social Work.

The great changes that have brought about this truly Christian spirit may be briefly summarized as follows: The passing of the self-reliant pioneer period when great stretches of unoccupied territory to the west and south were open to all comers; our industrial revolution from individual handicraft trades to power factories; migration of families from private homes with gardens and dooryards to populous industrial centers with box-built, closed-in tenement dwellings; the influx of millions of foreigners of the working classes with only enough means to land them in America; strikes and seasonal unemployment of large numbers of wage earners; great increase of wealth in the hands of a few while the masses live from day to day on wages alone; increase of industrial accidents to family breadwinners; the raising of living standards to meet modern conditions; extension of our school system and the making of education compulsory for all; the unifying growth of democracy from merely political to social and moral responsibility.

Through these great changes, industrial, economic and in living conditions, the problem of relief and charity has emerged as a social responsibility, a matter of public interest. It can no longer be met by individual kindliness

This congregate building is an institution for children

—and this is a home where a child has been placed

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toward individuals in need. Organized effort to minister to whole classes and groups has become necessary. Charity has developed into social service, and, like every other great interest of society, must be organized and taken care of in the open. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" may still express the spirit of charity but its enlarged application cannot be hid under a bushel. Prevention, reconstruction, public health and education are all within its scope. Financial and material aid are subordinate to these larger demands. Millions of dollars have been invested in various fields of social welfare. Surplus wealth has so increased that it is often easier to obtain funds than it is to use them wisely. Hence, social studies, economic research and scientific procedure have become factors in the solution of the problems of relief, reconstruction and uplift.

Thorough investigation of methods, careful scrutiny of ways and means, and impartial appraisement of existing institutions are everywhere in evidence. To meet these demands schools for the training of social workers and numerous university courses in sociology have been established. Studies in the field of social service have brought every form of remedial effort under investigation.

FOR the first time in more than two centuries of their existence orphan asylums as a social asset in child welfare work have been brought under investigation and appraisement. For more than a century in this country they were unmolested, each dwelling at peace "under its own vine and fig tree" while the great current of change and progress swept by unobserved. Since they were orphan asylums, people took for granted that the children within their walls were orphans, and since they were charities, no one felt at liberty to intrude upon their privacy. Moreover, they were usually sponsored by the most benevolent and deeply religious people of the community, often as a cherished expression of their personal piety or as memorial bequests. That they are now drawn within the scope of social investigation as to methods, results and raison d'être is entirely due to the awakening of social consciousness and the application of scientific procedure to all ways and means employed in child welfare work.

That less than 10 per cent of the children in most of these institutions are orphans will come as a surprise to many people. A recent survey of a number of institutions in Cleveland, including five thousand inmates, brought out the fact that only 8⅓ per cent were full orphans; 91⅔ per cent had one parent living and 47 per cent had both parents living.

In Serbia the orphanages were closed and 200,000 orphan children were placed in homes

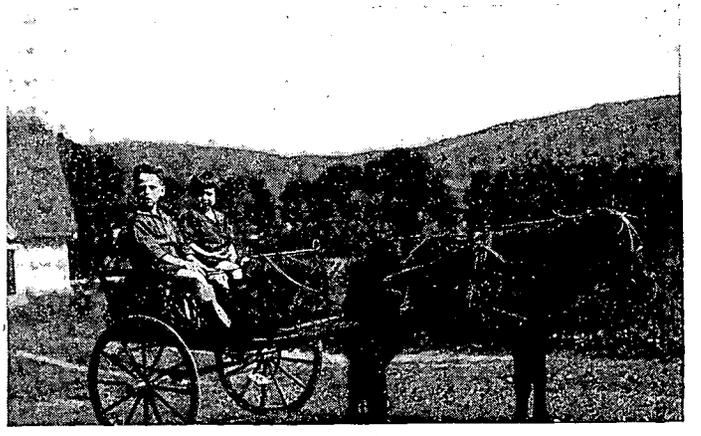
The March 1925 Bulletin of the Oregon Social Workers' Association states that of the 603 children residing in institutions for dependent children, only nine were listed as being there because of the death of both parents, or about 1½ per cent.

A report made last year on institutions in Pennsylvania points out "That of the 2,745 children in the 51 church institutions of that state, only 170 showed records of thorough social investigation prior to their admission."

Why are there so many non-orphan children in these institutions? Chiefly because empty space in an orphan asylum is a brick-and-mortar appeal to move in. But few of those in charge of these institutions recognize the necessity of careful investigation before subjecting the child to the tragedy of separating him from his home, loved ones and kindred.

THE results arrived at from all the various field studies, surveys and evaluation of remedial child welfare measures in America and Europe have pointed in one direction, namely, toward the family home as offering the only constructive solution of the orphan and dependent child-care problem. This is a safe and sound conclusion. The oldest institution of which we have any record is the human family. It is the basic unit of society. There is no substitute for it. It antedates both state and church and is fundamental to their proper functioning. It is the

It is harder to be a normal child in a congregate institution



—than in a home with pets and possessions of one's own

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A Serbian woman and her two foster children

beginning and stabilizing element in all social progress. Moreover, notwithstanding the frequency of its break-up and its failure in the training of children, it is still the most successful institution of society. It is the only foundation upon which to build the other great social structures of state, church and school. When, therefore, we are building our child-welfare programs upon the family home, conserving its integrity and responsibility and making every use of its inherent fundamental resourcefulness, we know we are moving in the right direction. When we are relieving parents of their God-ordained responsibilities, removing children for slight causes, making divorce easy, or failing to utilize the greatest possible service of the family home in child-care, we know we are moving in the wrong direction.

Since there are numerous family homes without children or with but one or two children and thousands of motherly women willing, with such aid as may be necessary, to provide family care and training for orphan children, there is little excuse for building orphan asylums. Most of these institutions, if their administrative boards were so disposed, could easily distribute their wards among family homes and go out of the business of group child-care. Within twenty-four hours after the recent tornado disaster had passed, the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society was able to announce to the Red Cross that it was in a position to receive and to provide for the temporary or the permanent care in family homes of any and all children who were in need. One hundred thirty-one different families had already made application by mail, in person, or by telephone to the Chicago office for children who had been permanently orphaned, or left destitute because of the storm. It was necessary to use only a few of these families because by far the larger proportion of the children were taken in charge by relatives. With such abundant resourcefulness for the care of dependent children in the only institution ordained for such a purpose, what stupidity it is to go right on building orphan asylums!

It is perfectly true that family child-placing demands high grade social service, and that when done without most thorough investigation, careful adaptation and follow-up supervision may be worse for children than even congregate institution care. The easiest being in the world to exploit is the little child. A cat will scratch, a dog will bite, a colt will kick, when abused; the little child is helpless. But the possibilities of greater happiness to the child in a family home are so far beyond anything any institution can offer that no surmountable obstacles should deter us from using this method. To fail here is to withhold all that the little child loves most.

After the World War I was commissioned to provide a relief program for thousands of orphans in Serbia. There were over 200,000 war orphans in that little country with a population of less than five millions. Instead of gathering these little ones into great institutions, as some representatives of the government ministries strongly advised, we pursued just the opposite policy. These children were already scattered among the broken families of Serbia. Where the family had all been wiped out they had attached themselves like stray domestic animals to any family home that would suffer them to remain. Every orphan was under some sort of a family roof, in many cases a leaky one at that, with only a straw bed on a dirt floor beneath. We left them where they were and put on an extensive program of family aid, visited the homes with doctors, nurses ,and social workers, opened health clinics, provided medical care for the whole family as well as the orphans, provided a monthly cash subsidy to widows and foster homes, supplementary feeding and clothing, and repaired or rebuilt devastated school buildings. In some cases only remote kindred of the orphan child was left, but we made use of mere fringes and fragments of family and property remains.

This great army of orphans merged into all of the community interests and activities, attended school and church, took up apprentice trades and shared in the returning prosperity of the country. The result is that today, seven years after the close of the war, there is no orphan prob-

No matter how beautiful or how splendidly equipped, an institution is not as good as a real home

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lem to speak of in Serbia. By taking another course we could easily have built institutionalism into the social structure of child welfare work in that country where it would in all probability have held its place for at least a half century (Our Civil War orphan asylums are still receiving orphans of veterans of that war!).

Poland pursued the orphan asylum method of care for her war orphans. An American Red Cross social worker told me that this country literally "swarmed with orphanages" after the war. She says further:

"I often heard Red Cross officials at the headquarters in Warsaw say that there were more orphanages in Poland than in any other country in the world. Sometimes there were two in one short block. If one happened on the street at meal time in the smaller town, it was not unusual to hear the singing of the blessing coming from the children in one orphanage, and in a few minutes from those in another. Any old frame house or store was used."

Once build an orphan asylum and it is there to do business. If necessary, it is liable to "go out in the highways and hedges and compel children to come in." But usually it doesn't need to do this, for it stands as an invitation and sinister temptation to men and women who hold lightly their parental responsibilities to rid themselves of their God-ordained duty to their children. In this way these institutions often become a menace to the integrity of the family. In a recent report of a survey of institutions in Pennsylvania and Ohio occurs the following significant statement:

Very few superintendents have been found who wish to keep their institution population small. During the first half hour of a visit to the average institution one is showed an elaborate architect's plan. On it are located the new buildings which the institution hopes to erect. The man now caring for fifty children hopes some day to care for one hundred and fifty; he who has two hundred plans for three hundred.

WHAT shall we do with the orphan asylums in America? There are about fourteen hundred of them with a total census of one hundred fifty thousand children. They represent an investment of about two hundred million dollars and expend an annual budget of from fifty to sixty million dollars.

They cannot be scrapped like an old battleship. In addition to plant and equipment, they express a great and abiding interest in child welfare and social relief. A wealth of noble sentiment, religious zeal and philanthropic purpose have been bestowed upon them. These great charitable motives should be conserved and redirected into channels of usefulness in harmony with modern child welfare methods.

—nor is congregate life as normal as home life

Serbian orphans at a temporary school, waiting to be sent to foster homes

It will not be easy to do this, but no great work, done right, is easy. A type of charitable endeavor which has been in operation for two and a half centuries has acquired a momentum difficult to control or divert into new ways of functioning. Orphan asylum administration has become a state of mind. The gyroscopic inertia of more than two hundred years of institutional existence tends to keep them moving in the same plane through a period of progress which relegates their methods to the pioneer period of our history. They hold an entrenched and strategic position in child welfare work. No organization or vested charitable interest is potentially situated to render a greater service. I do not condemn them. I deplore their failure to rise to the splendid service they might render.

Benevolent-minded men of wealth and those coveting memorial distinction will keep right on leaving bequests for the founding of new orphan asylums, and religious bodies and fraternal orders, without social understanding and vision, will continue committing their innocent members to the support of new projects along this antiquated line until the public is awakened and enlightened to modern constructive methods. The most needed foundation of the times is one providing means for the broadcasting of information pointing the way toward a wiser use of money devoted to the welfare of children. Its field should be publicity and social service propaganda. It should reach every newspaper and magazine in the land. The orphan charity is the oldest in existence and the only one of considerable importance that is still "putting new wine into old bottles." If all boards of or- (*Continued on page* 313)

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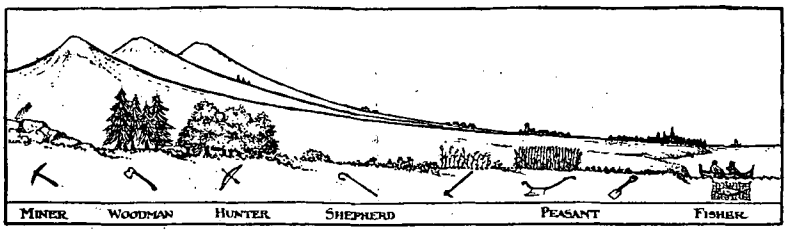

The Valley Plan of Civilization

By PATRICK GEDDES

Cartoons by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

WARS are not fundamental to human history. But, it is often asked, what is history but a perpetual tale of wars? Between three and four thousand wars have been recorded on paper or stone within its span of but a few thousand years, yet war is not that permanent state and outcome of "human nature" which these have led so many of us to believe. Indeed we now know wars to be of fairly recent origins; for they were substiantally preceded by a long age—a comparatively Golden Age—in which men were quietly cultivating the plants and domesticating the animals, and thus were themselves being cultivated by their plants, and domesticated by their animals. Here in truth is the explanation of the lateness of the appearance of History. Quiet, decent, constructive, agricultural and village civilization is comparatively uneventful, and thus, in the conventional sense, it is non-historic. Hence the poverty of Indian history, the comparative monotony of Chinese history; yet so far also to the credit of these steady old peoples. Historians have too much always been like the press of our own period, which mainly records unusual and tragic incidents; and which (after all not quite unfairly) asks—what else can we do?—is not one man who throws his chair out of the window of more curious interest to our readers than all the millions who use their chairs in the ordinary way?

The unravelling of war-origins however, we must postpone to our next article; for in the social sciences, as with biological and evolutionary studies, the essential is to have as clear an understanding as we may of normal life-processes before we come to pathological interruptions.

So before coming (or going) to War, let us learn more of the ways of Peace.

I

TAKE a simple agricultural interpretation; that of the fundamental staff of life—corn of various kinds for the West, and rice for the East. On the significance of wheat-corn we have the enormous volumes of Frazer's Golden Bough, now happily condensed into one, in which his striking treatment of comparative religions stands out clear. But let us look at cereal culture for ourselves, and in a plainer way; of which Frazer says little, even for his wheat; while rice seems never to have occurred to him as of social significance at all. Let us think of our forefathers in the old days of colonization in America, or from past till now in Europe. Each drives his own plow upon his own field; and without cooperation. Each can whistle the old tune,

> I care for nobody, no not I,
> And nobody cares for me.

Each in short, "minds his own business," and lets others alone. That is the civilization of corn growing. The land is plowed and sowed, and the crop is cut, by each farmer himself; the women and children are but mere accessory helpers at harvesting, until at length their parts in the work are invented away. Here then, in the cereal cultivation of the West, from old Rome to modern America, we have the basic factor of our fundamental Western concept of individuality and independence; and we may trace it at leisure, from Roman origins to current law, politics and more.

But if we are Easterners, cultivating rice, this makes us quite a different proposition. We can have no adequate cultivation of rice in any district until we all form ourselves into one big water-committee; for we have to deal with the water supply of our valley, and to adjust its flow, so that everybody gets as his share enough to cover and maintain his rice-fields. Here, now, is necessity for community action; and its reward. And here again is a further element; that while corn needs the strong man to drive the plow, and to do the later operations, not only the women but the little children, and the old grandparents, in fact everybody, can put the tiny plant of rice into the soft mud and press it in with the foot. So too at harvest every one can take a handful and cut it, another handful and shear that, and so on. Thus men have no such great superiority over women, children and old folks: all members of the family are united in a small cooperative group; as the neighborhood, the village, into a comprehensive one.

Hence, in contrast to the deeply corn-based individualism of the West, we have the deeply rice-based "community family" and village of the East, with its widely different institutions. We have dug below the too simple views of New York or London, whether those of the market—the merchant and his conventional economist, interested only in how the year's crops are selling at various and oscillating

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pecuniary values; or again those of the household, and if need be its dietetic physician, with their wheaten-bread and rice-pudding, and their respective physiological values and limitations. We have now got deeper down than our current economics and our dietetics reach, for we have been reaching the *Civilization-Values* of wheat and rice; as respectively individualistic and communitary. We have thus got on the level of sociology proper, which conventional studies too rarely reach; though excellent preliminaries when we do not stop there.

A curious verification of this contrast came after rice was introduced into Lombardy, along the valley of the River Po. After half a generation or so, the peasants petitioned for specific changes of the laws of inheritance and so on. The rest of the Lombard and Italian public, and their representatives, naturally did not see much sense in that. But a member of the Italian parliament, who had been in China, looking over this petition, cried out "Why, these people are petitioning for Chinese institutions!" Of course, they were, since they were cultivating rice.

We might work in such ways very many other specific and definite civilization-values. The kind of place, and the kind of work done in it, deeply determine the ways and institutions of history; and hence though such studies are as yet practically ignored by economists, not only the classical but even the socialistic (despite all their talk of "the economic interpretation of history"), the Sociological Society in London has its abode in LePlay House, so-called after the founder of this doctrine, and summed in his formula—Lieu, Travail, Famille; Place, Work, Folk, as we say.

II

PASS now to general geography—and let us try to make clear its essential scenes for the drama of civilization. Here the atlas, with its flat maps, though indispensable, is far from being enough. It is thus well here to recall that the greatest of descriptive geographers—Elisée Reclus, with his rightly-named Géographie Universelle, was of all men also the most active exponent of the need for advancing beyond maps to relief-models; and thus even to his Great Globe—still to be realized in its full relief; a scheme which will make the first city adequately to produce and use it the capital of the geographic sciences, and with them the economic and social. To realize any country, any region or any city, we have always first to think in terms of its relief; and this whether our task be the fullest understanding of its history, or the simplest details of its development, present or possible. For the city-planner, his success, or his wasteful failures, fundamentally depend upon his realization, or omission of relief and contours—as there is no lack of American (and also Canadian) instances to show.

For our present purpose, an outline of such relief as a "Valley Section," may be simply drawn (see the diagram at the head of this article), of that general slope from mountains to sea which we find everywhere in the world. This we can readily adapt to any scale, and to any proportions, of our particular and characteristic range, of hills and slopes and plain. Thus viewed as looking northward, I have here not simply my particular home-view, from our Edinburgh Outlook Tower, from snows down to sea, and back again, from Lowlands west to Highlands; but in principle also a section across Wales and England; across Ireland; across Norway and Sweden; even across mountainous Europe and the Siberian plain:—or again, across North America or Canada with the Rockies; across South America with the Andes. Broadly speaking, this way the world is built.

First of all then, this Valley Section, as we commonly call it, makes vivid to us the range of climate, with its corresponding vegetation and animal life. Not only snows on the mountains may here be realized, but their geologic nature and structure also. Then too the forests, the pastoral slopes, the minor hills, the plains, their uniting rivers; all things are here. This is no longer our mere school-book, with its image of a "country" as a colored space on a flat map, with only "boundaries" and "capital," and so on; it is first of all the essential sectional outline of a geographer's "region," ready to be studied. Next then it is an anthropologist's, and thence also an evolutionary economist's; in time we shall even work down to the modern urban view of the conventional economist, of the politican and more. But first of all we must proceed in natural order.

We can grasp something of the help which geography brings to the modern renewal of historic studies, if we go over any old historical atlas; especially therefore of the Mediterranean, and compare it with climatic and vegetation maps of recent date. At a glance we see how closely the colonization range of Greek civilization was at once invited by the olive-regions, and limited to them. Hence it did not spread northward from southern Italy, though this became "Magna Graecia"; nor yet did it get far into Gaul, or Spain. Similarly the course of Roman expansion was essentially into that of the vine climate of Gaul, and its northward limit broadly agrees with the limits of modern vine-growing in Germany and Austria. Wheat no doubt tempted them further, as into Britain; but they initiated vine-growing even there: though it died out, partly through the old wars with France, largely too with the Reformation, but above all from that growing competition of the cheaper and heavier beer of the north with the lighter and brighter wine of the south. This competition has entered even into our patriotisms; thus deeply into that of England, however unavowed, witness that of "the beerage," who have been so mighty a factor in our houses of parliament, and thus for foreign policy no less than at home.

Consider now, upon the general outline of our Valley Section, the soil. And this first of all with its natural forests, at least on the uplands, the coniferous above the deciduous; hence we see that in these the natural occupation can but be that of the hunter, until the coming of the woodman. Next we come to spaces of pasturage, with flocks and shepherds. Below these, but still on comparatively high, thin and poor soils, we find the struggling peasant, the "crofter" as we call him in Scotland, with his share of hill-pasture from old times, but mainly dependent on hard and strenuous tillage; and this is only of the poorer grains, oats or rye, and in modern times of potatoes, but not wheat. Wheat can only flourish on the deeper and richer land below; so there at length we have the farmer proper, the normally rich peasant; i. e. him of white bread, not ryebread or oatcake. So far for the cool temperate lands. But our section may next be enriched for warmer temperate climates also; where to the wheat-growing peasant is added the vine grower upon

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his terrace-slopes. Follow southwards, towards the more sheltered Mediterranean coastlands, and we reach the warm-temperate at its best: the land of the olive. Wheat, wine and oil: at length we have agriculture at its richest and best, and with highest civilization-record accordingly. Still, as we have already seen, this Mediterranean region is sadly ruined: so that it is now with the farmer to northward, with his wheat-land, that prosperity has more generally maintained itself; though alas, too unstably everywhere.

III

MORE closely examined, our valley section diagram finds place for all the nature-occupations, since the full theater of their range of activities. Reading it from left to right, we may conveniently start with one not yet mentioned, yet essential from the first—the Miner, of course not yet of coal, but first of the flints with which civilization so essentially began. For long time he dug and worked the rude flints, whence his "paleolithic" implements, into whose stages we need not here enter, socially significant though they have proved. In later times, he finely shaped and polished those "neolithic" implements, which as we have come to learn, indicate no mere far-away "barbarians of the stone age," but the essential founders of most of the main elements of our present civilization. Comparatively lately, as the vast periods of archaeology now show, came the age of copper, and thence of bronze; with war thus becoming much more prominent; as again far more so, with the comparatively recent introduction of iron, and its terrible sword of steel, with whose doings history is soon full. Flints, coarse and fine; bronze, iron and steel: here are now the marks of historic ages—the chronology of the miner, as at length the metallurgist. And is he not in these times anew significant—with new alloys, with aluminum, even with radium?

But the Woodman may next make his claim to an essential leadership of civilization. Far beyond his mere gathering of brushwood and branches for the fire, his stone or bronze axe hewed out the clearing; and then at length, with steel, he cut the modern highways of the western world. Thus, for salient instance, the old bronze-age land-route from the Mediterranean through Gaul to Britain (for its copper and tin) kept to the southwest, through Languedoc over the Loire and by Brittany to Cornwall. It was the later steel axe that first cleared the route up the Rhone valley, and thence to west and north, by Dijon and Paris, the predominant way for and since Roman times, as every traveler or history-student knows.

The woodman too has been the great initiative house-builder, the furniture-maker; and the boat builder, of course, too; morever with his palisade, the fortifier as well. Beyond all this, we owe to him the mechanical powers, the lever, the wedge, the wheel and axle, the pulley; and the inclined plane, if not the screw. He is thus the primal engineer. In this conception it is worth remembering that the father and educator of James Watt, was one of the last old wood-workers who were complete "wrights," ready to build either a house or a ship to demand; surely here a perfect linking of the old industrial order with the new; and illustration of the later origin in metal from him of wood-work, as wheel-wright, and so on.

Next the Hunter, tracking and killing his game. Here plainly we have not merely a rude survivor of primitive society, but a type of permanent and increasing significance in history. Though in the old hunting societies, from arctic Eskimos to southmost Australians, in various ways truly and even deeply civilized and thus essentially peaceful, we of the west have learned to think of the hunter, and only too justly, as readily becoming hunter of his fellow-man, and thence increasingly, far beyond all other occupations, he has been the maker and the leader of war. It has not been for nothing that hunters became nobles and that kings and rulers have ever remained hunters, even to our own day and its great war. Nor has it been for nothing that "sport," and games mostly in principle of the hunters' spirit, have been, and remain more than ever, a main technical education of the youth of all other origins and occupations; and this towards war-service, whether it be thus recognized or no.

IV

BUT the Shepherd, what now of him? A widely contrasted type, trained by the gentle tending of life instead of the stern arts of taking it. See too his normally long life, producing patriarchal supremacy accordingly, and hence the temperament as well; in utter contrast to the short-lived hunter whose best years pass with early manhood. Here then is the contrast of patience with impatience, diplomacy with war. Thus of old Abraham and Lot separated when their young men quarrelled; and again in recent times Kruger delayed, while Chamberlain and Rhodes pressed on for the Boer War. But this occupation has higher associations, typical for three great religions—Jewish, Christian and also Buddhist—so that their teachers, widely variant though they be, are still "pastors" at their best. While the hunter ever becomes "war-lord," and claims all temporal power, the patriarchal shepherd-tradition accumulates too the often far higher spiritual power; witness its historic names, as Holy Father, as Pastor Pastorum. And the like for other faiths. Our modern image of "The Good Shepherd" is plainly derived, as the Pope's own archaeologists of the Catacombs have shown, from Apollo the shepherd, even to the lamb or kid upon his shoulder. There are statues and pictures of the Buddha older than these, yet in essential the same. And has not this good shepherd of the Far East had peace among his peoples far more than have we of the ever-warring West?

But returning to the practical life of the shepherd peoples, we must not forget Father Jacob, sending down his sons to Egypt to buy corn. The shepherds became caravaneers; and hence they are the makers of land commerce with its market junctions. They were thus the makers and the maintainers of communications, and thus at their best, they became also the spreaders of peace and order, and well-being. The route often wellnigh creates the social type, as Desmoulins has so strongly claimed. Another of his school has interpreted—and ably and suggestively, if not yet convincingly—old Father Odin himself was the great primal caravaneer, between Babylon and Odensee on the Baltic; and hence that the later Norsemen's sea-rovings were inspired by their search for this great-walled Garth of Asia. This, he argues, was their "quest (*Continued on page* 322)

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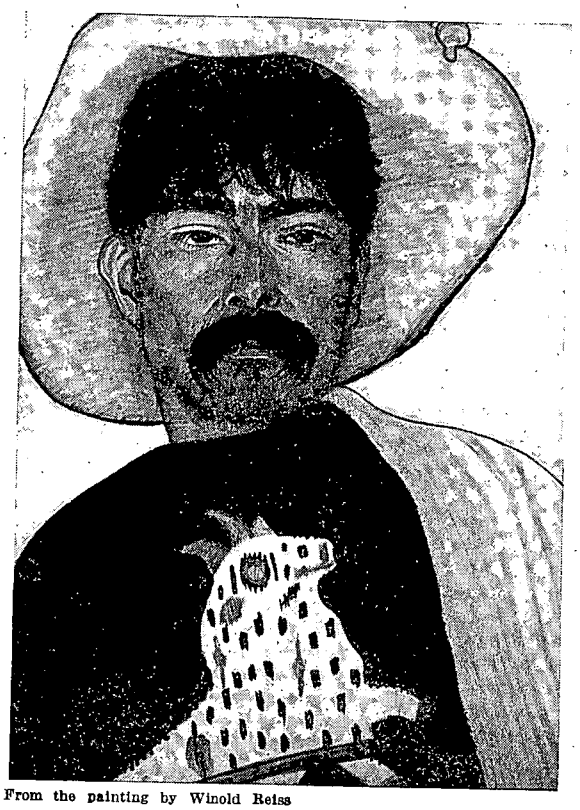

From the painting by Winold Reiss

What of the Bracero?

The Forgotten Alternative in Our Immigration Policy

By CHARLES A. THOMSON

PICTURE that vast crescent which sweeps westward from San Antonio, Texas, through New Mexico and Arizona to southern California and thence northward to San Francisco. In all of it the imposing edifice of prosperity rests largely on the humble and too frequently ignored foundation of the Mexican *bracero*.

But are the Mexicans coming too fast? This is the question which California social workers are asking, especially when they look at the following figures for Mexican immigration into the United States.

1922	18,246
1923	62,709
1924	87,648

They ask the same question after one of their occasional "testimony" meetings. Los Angeles, among its million and more people, now has 75,000 Mexicans—roughly 7 per cent of the total population. Yet the Department of Charities reports that in the division of outdoor relief 27.44 per cent of the cases last year were Mexicans and goes on to say: "Our problem with the Mexican family who will never become good efficient citizens is becoming so great that it is impossible to work out a constructive program for the Mexican family who might become an asset to the community." More than half of the cases that come to the Bureau of Catholic Charities are Mexican. The General Hospital reports 43 per cent of its patients Mexican.

Other parts of California are feeling the same pinch. Orange County, for example, to the southeast of Los Angeles, with 10 per cent of its population Mexican, reports that in its general hospital one third of the cases are Mexicans; and the county aid commissioner finds that half of his applicants are of the same race.

Says the director of the division of child welfare, Los Angeles Health Department: "The Mexican infant mortality under one year of age is three times that of the white, although it is a fraction over 21 per cent less than it was a year ago. There is more poverty and squalor among the Mexicans than among all the other foreign populations (of which we have 43) combined."

Educators and social workers all over southern California, faced with these and similar facts, have felt a breakdown in their social program. The Mexicans are coming faster than they can be absorbed, either economically or socially.

THE problem is complicated by the migratory habits of the Mexican. Like a bit of flotsam he is sucked along in the wake of the labor demand from one part of the state to another. The successive calls of California's various seasonal crops keep him constantly on the move. In the spring the railroads may bring him as a track laborer. But hearing of higher wages he drifts to the sugar beets, which keep him busy for two or three months. Summer

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finds him in the San Joaquin valley with the grapes. In September he comes south for the walnuts and the winter may find him picking oranges near Los Angeles, or what is more likely, out of a job, and with little money left after his peregrinations.

Too often in his travels he becomes a disease-carrier. The Welfare and Relief Bureau of Riverside County reports:

> Ninety per cent of our Mexican problem involves sickness and disease, and two-thirds of the Mexicans we help are migratory and transient. We have a number of permanent settlements in our county, all of which are the better class of Mexicans, who work yearly in our orchards and gardens. We note that our greatest troubles in these settlements always take place when the transients come into camp for the period of the season. Furthermore, our resident Mexicans dread their coming and now realize that they bring sickness and disease to them. In some cases they have appealed to keep them out.

YET so far, probably, the picture has been too dark. A cloud may look threatening, and at the same time mean increased productivity and wealth. So the Mexican with all his problems, is indispensable to the economic welfare of the Southwest. The manager of a Colorado sugar company, on being asked what they would do without the Mexican laborer, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "We would be out of luck. We'd have to close up our factories and the farmers would lose the crop. We are absolutely dependent on the Mexican laborer." That remark is true of almost all industry and agriculture in the Southwest. It is in a state of chronic "dependency" on the Mexican. And what is more; with the restriction of European immigration effected by the recent immigration law, that "dependency" is rapidly becoming epidemic toward the North and East of the United States.

Let it be said here that there is no doubt as to the ultimate ability of the Mexican to become a good citizen. Pay him a living and stable wage which will enable him to raise his family to the American standard, and put him in an American community which opens its schools and other friendly agencies to him, and he soon surprises and silences his detractors.

The Mexican is not "quota," under the Johnson bill which went into effect July 1, 1924. No quantitative restriction was placed upon his immigration. He is entirely free to enter this country if he can successfully run the gauntlet of the following requirements:

a. Know how to read, but not necessarily to write.
b. Pass a none-too-severe medical examination.
c. Pay a ten dollar visé fee.
d. Pay an additional head tax of eight dollars, if he is over 16 years of age.
e. And still have enough money, so that he is not "likely to become a public charge."

The visé fee of ten dollars, a provision of the Johnson bill, went into effect less than a year ago and so it is yet impossible to speak definitely of its influence. Immigration officials, however, estimate that the total of Mexican immigration for this year will not be more than 50 per cent of last year's total.

But this reduction of the Southwest's supply of cheap labor is already being opposed by commercial and industrial interests. Delegates of the chambers of commerce of this region, recently assembled at Douglas, Arizona, declared themselves in favor of removing not only the visé fee, but also the eight dollars head-tax charge. And last February, in fact, President Coolidge signed a bill (H.R. 11,957) giving the executive authority to reduce or abolish the visé fee, for periods of special need. So that it is still an open question whether the visé provision will at all materially reduce the incoming tide.

THE question of Mexican immigration is already of outstanding importance for the Southwest and of increasing interest to the rest of the country. The attention of social workers, of educational and religious leaders, of commercial, industrial and agricultural groups, and of statesmen is rapidly being focussed upon it. Something more than our traditional approach toward immigration problems is clearly needed—something more than careless laissez-faire, hasty emotion or unthinking prejudice. They will neither solve nor settle this question. Nor is narrow sectionalism or nationalism a sufficiently comprehensive point of view for its consideration.

The need for a careful and comprehensive investigation of the economic and social position of the Mexicans in the whole Southwest is more and more apparent—an investigation which would be scientific, impartial and authoritative. Given the facts brought to light by such a survey, and given further the cooperation of the Mexican government, vitally interested in the welfare of its citizens in this country, is it not possible to discover what course of action will serve the best interests of both the American Southwest and the Mexican laborer?

A group in the California Conference of Social Work, under the leadership of Ethel Richardson, assistant superintendent of the State Department of Education, has addressed itself to the preliminary study of this problem. And at the annual meeting of the Conference at Sacramento, one entire session on May 28 was set aside to consider The Future of Mexican Immigration, questions like this being thrashed over:

Is a more economical routing of Mexican migratory labor, reducing the area of migration, possible?

Can the migratory labor supply be best organized by state or federal agencies, farm bureaus or cooperative marketing associations?

Is the increasing demand for the Mexican in the North and East likely to draw off the surplus supply in California?

With a border 1,800 miles long, entirely artificial save for a shallow river, with an active demand for cheap labor on one side, and a surplus on the other, is it possible to enforce a restrictive immigration policy?

Would a thorough and comprehensive survey of the economic and social position of the Mexican in the Southwest furnish the facts on which to base a more scientific policy toward Mexican immigration?

Is it possible and wise to enlist the cooperation of the Mexican government in developing a new immigration policy?

Is it possible, then, to work out an immigration policy elastic enough to satisfy the economic needs of the Southwest, and at the same time to protect the Mexican from exploitation, due to an over-supply of labor, insufficient wage and seasonal unemployment?

Upon the fair and intelligent handling of these questions seems to rest any successful solution of the future of Mexican immigration.

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When Children Sit in Judgment

The Juvenile Court As Its Own Wards See It

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

THE idea of the juvenile court is as clear and definite as the Lord's prayer which in its seventy-two words sums up the essential principles of Christianity. There are people who cannot understand that the prayer means what it says and hence tons of controversial books are written and innumerable crimes committed in the name of Christianity. In behalf of the juvenile court, not so much ink or blood has been spilled but there is a great deal of misunderstanding.

When our first juvenile courts were founded a quarter century ago, it was supposed that we had discovered a new way of treating the young offender. He was not to be proceeded *against* as under the old criminal laws; but as a minor ward of the state he was entitled to guardianship, protection and wise parental control. The fact that he had committed an offense would not change his relationship to the state for he was given a special legal status and his offenses were not to be regarded as crimes. In property matters the minor is legally incapable during minority of making a contract, of giving away, selling or mortgaging his estate, and should he attempt to do so in a gay mood of indiscretion his guardian may appear in court and enter the plea of infancy. Just so the juvenile court recognizes the principle that a youth is entitled to different treatment at the hands of law because he differs physically and mentally from an adult. It is in the interest of the ultimate welfare of the state that youth be sheltered from the rigors of the common law.

Yet what do we find? At the end of twenty-five years it still appears foreign to the habit of mind of certain parents, teachers, social workers, police, probation officers and judges to interpret the law in the spirit of the welfare of the child, for they are accustomed to view the court as a tribunal where the losing party must suffer a penalty.

If it is not clear to adults that the juvenile court came into the world to prevent children from being treated as criminals, can it be entirely clear to the child? For the peace of mind of those of us who are court workers perhaps it would be wise not to inquire; so often ignorance . . . if not exactly bliss, at least is something that makes for security and a brisk, busy efficiency.

But what are the facts? Does Joe, aged nine, undernourished, suffering with ear-ache, view the court as a wise parent when he is brought up for truancy, having been hounded by a great "hooky-cop," and locked in a detention home room for three days? Yes; if we say "Now we shall treat you as your father" Joe understands perfectly. His experience with fathers . . . and especially step-mothers, has prepared him for the worst we can do.

It was explained to a little girl about to be sent to a custodial institution that she was to regard the court as a parent, "Well, but," said the child, "I don't like it to treat me like a *mean* mother."

THE Los Angeles Juvenile Court serves a community of more than a million people. The children represent almost every nationality and come from almost every state. For the purpose of finding out what the children think about the court, a questionnaire was prepared. Before giving it to the children it was explained to them that there was to be a twenty-fifth anniversary meeting in commemoration of the establishment in Chicago in 1899 of the first of our distinctive juvenile courts and this would be an excellent place to offer criticisms or suggest changes. No names were to be signed. Before the children answered the questions the main outlines of the history of the juvenile court movement were given them, with emphasis on conditions which brought it into being.

The questionnaire is as follows:

The court is supposed to treat you as a wise good father and mother would, in matters of care, custody and discipline. Of course, when many children are together, it is hard to treat them as one child would be treated in a family.

1. When you came before the court did you feel it was your protector and friend?
2. What do you think of probation officers?
3. What do you think of Juvenile Hall? (county detention home)
4. What are the good things about the juvenile court system?
5. What are the bad things about the juvenile court system?
6. How would you like to see it changed?

There were 228 replies, 97 from boys and 131 from girls; 100 were in the detention home. Although the juvenile court law in California extends its jurisdiction to both boys and girls under twenty-one it was thought best to have the questionnaire answered by boys between 10 and 16, and girls between 13 and 18 years of age.

Of the ninety-seven boys eight were under commitment to the State Training School and ten were a group of highly gifted sincere young Russians on probation in their own homes, under special guidance of a Russian welfare worker and a specially competent probation officer.

Of the girls twenty-four were in the detention home hospital under treatment for venereal disease. Fifty were in residence at El Retiro, the Los Angeles County opportunity school for girls. Sixty-six boys and girls represent a miscellaneous group on probation . . . for better, or worse.

1. *"When you came before the court did you feel it was your protector and friend?"* In all but four cases the answer to this first question is "yes." About one third say that in the beginning they were frightened, or they mis-

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understood but later when they could talk to the judge they did feel that the court was their protector and friend.

The Mexican girls, accustomed to the benign authority of their homes and trained in reverence, expressed their belief in the good intentions of the court: one writes: "When I went to Juvenile Court I was frightened but my mother always taught me that it would protect me. My mother told me that I would be better off and out of trouble. So I really believe the Court is my friend and protector."

A high school girl held as a witness writes: "When I first went to Juvenile Court I was not scared. I felt as I would when going to an experienced friend of mine for counsel, knowing that I would get help and advice for my own good. I have always been taught that our courts have always done the best for us."

May we ever deserve this confidence!

Some of the girls in seeking relief from intolerable home conditions had filed their own petitions in the court, usually upon the advice of their teachers, or social workers.

One 17-year-old girl who said she was tired of her mother's lovers had been under the court a year. She had never been in detention but went direct to a Girl's Club where she shortly became president. She completed a business scholarship, and after her eighteenth birthday went to board in a private family having secured a position which paid her $100 per month. Her answers are as follows:

1. Yes, I thought it would be my protector and friend, that is why I came to the court.
2. As to probation officers I have never had anything but help from them.
3. I have no real knowledge of the detention home. But, as a locked door is against my nature, I do not like it.
4. The good things about the court are that it has taught me to rely on myself and it teaches discipline.
5. I know of no bad things about the Juvenile Court. As I said before, I have no real knowledge of it. For myself everything is fine.
6. I cannot suggest any changes. To my knowledge, if you work on the basis that you started on, everything will be fine.

The boys are more critical. While the majority agree that the court should be considered their protector and friend, in the minds of many there is a reservation. The 16-year-old mayor of the Junior Republic writes: "No, I did not understand it then. They try to help the boys, but I don't think the boys understand them." All the Russian boys are sure the court is their protector.

Of the four who categorically answer "no," one is a colored boy who thinks "they ought to let you go home for the second and third turn." One is a girl who writes, "I dislike to say this very much but when I was present at court I did not have fair treatment. I disapproved of the judge and of the attorney; and furthermore I don't think they give *parents* fair treatment." This child at the age of 13 was an unwilling witness against her mother who conducted revival meetings and when under the "power of the spirit" sent her daughter out "to minister" to her male converts. The old lady was slightly demented and died in the County Farm.

Another child writes: "To tell the truth, I don't really approve of courts. They help in a way. The bad thing is they show too much partiality."

Of the entire number, however, two hundred are firm in their belief that the court is their protector and friend.

2. *"What do you think of probation officers?"* Here there is no such agreement. There is the widest diversity of opinion, from the little truant boy who writes, "I like him, he is good," to the girl whose father is in prison for incest and who says: "As to the probation officers, if they had not lied so much it would be better. My probation officer told me I could go home the afternoon that I was taken away. And I have not been home yet or seen any of my brothers or my father since the first of last August. Then when I was sent out here she told me that I would only be here one month and I have been here until now since April 13. She sure *lied* to me." To the mind of boys and girls, probation officers appear as, "My best friend. I just love her." Other answers follow:

She finds your clothes, and things.
She gets you jobs.
She tells everything she knows.
She sure is wonderful. She is just like my mother; only I never could tell anything to my mother.
She is the only one who understands me.
She throws up your case to your face.
I don't know what to think of my probation officer, I have only seen him once.
He is the only friend I ever had.
They are worse than the cops; always putting you in for every little thing.
My probation officer is my ideal. She is beautiful and stylish.
Probation officers never answer your letters.
They help you in every way when everyone is down on you.
I wish I could have a change of probation officers—one I could get some satisfaction from.
They don't tell the truth.
They are too inquisitive.
You have someone to go to in time of trouble.

Thus to the child the officer of the court wears the faces both of Dr. Jekyll and of Mr. Hyde.

3. *"What do you think of Juvenile Hall (the county detention home)?"* This too is described as everything from a refuge, "the first place I ever got good treatment," to a jail. Its food is highly praised, and underscored for badness. The bars and keys are anathematized; its segregation resented; its matrons and teachers execrated. One boy would far rather have been in jail. The matron made him scrub his room: "She sure is a twenty-minute egg." All of the children who have received medical treatment in the detention hospital, praise it, and some name it as the "turning place in my life." A number of children feel that in Juvenile Hall the first attempt was made to explain to them the reasons for things; especially after being handled by police, truant officers or detectives. The boys appeared especially grateful for this, and one said, "It is a good place to be sorry in." Another: "They treat you good but you are lonesome there."

Frequently one hears police officers complain that children are treated so well in the detention home that they lose fear of it: "I brought him here for a *good scare* and now he doesn't mind it at all." As a matter of fact no matter how humanized the detention home, or how scientific the program of supervised work, study and play the child is chiefly impressed by his loss of freedom and his association with others worse than he is. Any form of detention has its evils. The least that should be done is to explain clearly and carefully to the child the reason for detention, and

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that its purpose is not punishment but safe-keeping and the furnishing of a better opportunity for the Court to get acquainted with the child and his needs.

4. *"What are the good things about the Juvenile Court system?"* Twenty-nine definitely mention its privacy. One of the Russian boys writes, "I like the Juvenile Court because there is not many strange people around when the court asks you some questions." "They save the ones that need to be saved." One likes "the informal way of judging across the table; it is homelike and more sympathetic."

All replies to this question come from children who had been before the Referee in a private hearing with opportunity to tell their full story to the court and the probation officer without the presence of parents and witnesses. (Later, of course, these are called in.)

Other good things about the present system are listed as follows:

They are fair.
They listen to your side.
They have a woman judge.
If they don't think you can get along at home, they don't send you home.
They find out if there is a certain trade you would like to learn, or if you would like to finish school, or whatever you would like to do. The Juvenile Court decides what steps are to be taken in behalf of the child's future. I approve of the Juvenile Court.
They are fair to you. You have your tests which show how much you really know. Of which is a great help.
The good things are as follows : If a girl is homeless they provide her with a job, providing that she keeps her place.
The good thing is if there is anything wrong they can cure it.
They decide their cases by the children: what they think is best to make them somebody.

If we have at least in certain children inspired this idea, let us pray that they may never lose their faith!

5. *"What are the bad things about the Juvenile Court system?"* The children answer:

Not being with your own mother.
They ask too many questions.
We may think there are bad things in the system, but in reality there isn't.
They do not treat all the children alike.
They should let you go home on your first time here, even if you haven't got a father.

But overwhelmingly all the children, both boys and girls, have nothing bad to say about the system.

6. *"How would you like to see it changed?"* The suggestions are few and of minor importance:

No changes are necessary.
It is alright as it is.
I think if you change it you might make it worse.

In general, if there is any sex difference in criticisms of the girls and boys, it is that the girls complain of the food in the detention home, and the boys say their probation officers are not truthful. One girl offers a suggestion, "They wouldn't get girls here if they would let them go to dances, under 18."

Again, the mayor of the Junior Republic writes: "A boy while in an institution should see his parents, friends or guardian, more often as a boy is always thinking of them. . . . I'd like to see the jails go away, and the money used to furnish entertainment for the boys, as most have nothing to do, and they usually meet the wrong kind of a friend and get into trouble. I think the boys ought to be told and explained to them that the policeman is his friend and not a joy killer as boys u ually think."

This boy is happy and he is in third year high school, but he would rather see his friend dead, he says, than sent to any institution. The earnest, rapt way in which he says it, leaves no doubt in mind. He is sincere. "There ought to be some other way of fixing a boy up," he says. We have all encountered these resolute expressions, this fixed organic dissatisfaction and discontent in spite of everything we have done and can think of doing in behalf of the child who comes before our courts. How shall we remedy this state of affairs, how cure this attitude, and make our wards enter as we seek to do the parental relationship?

FROM answers to this questionnaire one fact is evident: the juvenile court, like most cities, presents on entrance its most harsh and unlovely aspect. In cities the backyards, the grief and dirt of the slums, are seen first; so in the juvenile court the child is confronted by police, warrants, mechanical or other restraints, detention, rough and ignorant handling by "hard-boiled" matrons and attendants before he is permitted to see the benign face of the judge.

We have clearly in mind our parental function, but has the clerk of the court, the matron, truancy officer, teacher, policeman, clergyman, parent, newspaper man and probation officer? There is only one way to attain it. First, by being parental; second, by reiteration of those basic principles on which the court was founded.

If we study the progress made by the juvenile court we find that it has been chiefly along the line of organization. We have taken great strides in material efficiency; today there are far more bricks, stones, desks, filing cabinets and records than there were at the beginning. That is to say, our progress has been along mechanical lines—those things which lie furthermost from the spirit of the child. Have we not burdened ourselves with too many forms? Some of these are purely formal. They shed no light on the child's nature, or his need of treatment: indeed one may say of them with Oscar Wilde: "They show a want of knowledge that must be the result of years of study." Are we not unduly hampered by the very efficiency of our organization? On the one hand we must struggle with what we have inherited from the law itself: a number of legalistic atavisms and rudimentary organs, hoary with age, such as warrants, bonds, fines, sentences, etc.; and on the other hand, with the newer but no less burdensome machinery of science and of business efficiency.

It must be the task of the social worker in the court to win back simplicity for the sake of the child. For the judge on viewing the inexorable severities of the I. Q. and the blood Wasserman is likely to wish to brush them aside, and treat the child as if he never had had a mental test or a physical examination; but the judge is solicitous if anything threatens the sanctity of legal tradition; whereas the doctor frequently criticises courts, judges, lawyers and jury, but is exceedingly punctilious about the rules of his own game. To the social worker belongs this delicate matter of adjustment between form and content, in the court, structure and use.

(*Continued on page* 317)

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CALIFORNIA

A Group of Poems

By JAMES RORTY

Good-Bye, California

Fabulous California!
Hark! Hoo . . . Baa!
The great Bull by the Gate
Roars, the Pacific fog unfolds
Kingdoms and castles, wide
Blue waters; steep hills molten, huge,
Golden, grandiloquent, on whose bare and burnished flanks
The cymbals of the sun
Beat, beat for California!

Heavenly California!
I have climbed
Up Tamalpais' seaward slope, and watched
Mild, mythical white cows lie down and chew
The sweet cud of the billowing air
High on green pastures; far below
The bustle of the boats, the white sails blown
Like petals on the blue . . . Oh, it was like
A child's dream or a play, for all the hills
Were painted with the new
Green of the first long rains of winter,
And the sun's bright pour
Had waked the meadow-larks until they sprang
Up from the yellow pansy fields and sang;
And I was happy, and the sky
Was candid as a child's blue stare.
Heavenly California!

Marvellous California!
I have watched
The old sea lion swimming the white curve
Of breakers from Del Norte to Mexico,
Lifting a solemn whiskered face,
Counting the rivers, scanning the bare hills,
Lolling, observing, guessing that the valleys lie
Golden behind them; sniffing the dark smell
Of redwood canyons dripping with the fog;
Diving, appearing, seeing the white gulls
Squalling, ascend to breast the trade winds' unrelenting blow;
Borne on great rollers, barking through the foam,
"Marvellous California!"

Austere California!
You must not forget
The mountain peaks that stand apart
Joining the valleys' play of sun and seed
With that cold planetary play
They see and understand. Like old men who have piled
Fiercely in solitude the granite of the mind
Upward and upward in a cold delight,
They stand apart, white cowled, the gaunt
Gray almoners of plenty to the plain . . .
Brief is their summer, long the speech
Of snow to falling snow, and rock
To circling star.

Opulent California!
You were made great
Some aeons since by the cold choice
Of glaciers sliding from the north, of changing seas
That waxed and waned, obedient to the dim
Far call of lunar tides; and by the red revolt
Of subterranean fires that thundering up
Filed high the ramparts of your bays . . .
Silt and snow water:
These have made, will make
Each Spring a drift of blossoms like a tide
Flooding the valleys, foaming up
Into the quiet Edens of your hills.

Aspiring California!
Do not blame
That human swarm that settled in the sage
Digging and building, for I think they came
Called by the desert hills that could not bear
The hot ache of their emptiness. They found
Life more abundant, and they praised
God with a loud voice. . . . It may be,
Who knows? the booster's treble cry
Lifted into this brazen sky
May ring far off in the indulgent ear
Of the Most High
A silver bell of prayer. . . .

Good-bye, California.
I, who will never leave you, say good-bye.
You, who will never leave me,
Huge, bright, inflexible, shape through me now
Leaves of remembrance and farewell,
Yours, California, seeds that you have sown—
Good-bye, California.

Trail's End

This is the end, O Pioneer—
These final sands
I watch you sift with meditative hands,
Measure the cup of conquest. The long stride
Of the plainsman halts. Now slake your pride
With sight of ocean, and the pour
Of breakers foaming on this western shore.

This is the end . . . Set stakes and raise
A city that might win the praise
Of Pericles and Plato, and the few
Who built their cities in the blue
Unclouded vistas of their pure delight—
Those gay enchanted cities, robed in light.

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Turn of the Year

Drought

Watching the stoic hills that knelt about the bay
Under a staring sky, I heard their cracked lips say:
"Faultless in wisdom, we ourselves have sought
This starving immobility of drought."

The Coming of the Rains

Faultless in wisdom, at my window-pane
Compassionate sweet laughter of the rain.
The cowled hills, rising, met and kissed
The gray-eyed daughters of the mist;
Above the flawed and driven tide
The white gulls flapped wet wings and cried;
High on the slope the cattle lowed and ran,
On every hill the meadow-larks began
Their confident loud chime of Spring's rebirth;
Iris and tooth-wort stirred the fragrant earth. . . .

I, too, who let the blown rain whip my face,
Received my portion of the season's grace.

Rotary

"Gentleman, meet Mr. Rhodes
From the Antipodes:
His home's in Burra Burra, where the tide
Runs bloody-red, the basalt cliffs beside;
The bell-tailed dugong, in that crimson sea,
Lolls on the waves, and sometimes fitfully
Rings with his tail a deep and sombre chime—
Such wonders happen in that distant clime.
The black swans fly against the waning moon;
The Moloch Horridus gives tongue at noon;
The duck-billed platypus, in mood sedate,
Advances to his introspective mate,
The while the lyre-bird, with quenchless fire
Strums on her loud erotic lyre. . . .
Yes, Gentlemen, we're fortunate, I'm sure,
For this, our Rotary luncheon, to secure
A Rotary member from that wondrous land
Who speaks a tongue that we can understand.
Gentlemen, I present to you Bill Rhodes,
Who's brought a message from the Antipodes."
"A—hum! A—hah! Friends, good Rotarians all,
Your learned chairman's kind remarks recall
The days when as a boy I trudged the roads
Of Burra Burra in the Antipodes.
The swans, the wombat, and the Horridus—
Ah, yes—but things have changed with us.
The dugong bells no longer wildly warn,
No strumming lyre-bird wakes us with the morn.
While mention of the platypus must bring
The thought: Home life is such a different thing
In Burra Burra, nineteen twenty-five!
Yes, gentlemen, the fact that I would strive
To make you see is that we think and do,
In Burra Burra, just the same as you;
If I could take you to my bungalow
On Linden Street, the last one in the row
Beside the river Wawb; my wife and me
Sitting before the fire, enjoying free
The radio, that gives us each new tune;
If I could have you with us Thursday noon—
The Ad Club luncheon that we hold each week—
I'm sure that I'd have little need to speak.
You'd see yourself that we are going strong
In Burra Burra—why, it won't be long.
Our Chamber says, before our census rolls
Will show a total of a million souls.
A million souls, all prosperous, well-fed—
A million souls, and not a single Red!
My friends, I thank you; surely you can't miss
The great, the stirring lesson of all this:
How progress sweeps the spinning world around,
And lightens every spot of darkened ground,
Until at last each honest man must see
The Universe itself is Rotary!

Odd—and Utopian

This, in a way, would be exceeding odd
And almost justify man's ways to God—
If, by the healing of these hills, the blind
Receive an inner sight, and leave behind
Their narrow greed, their numbing fears, and fare
Forth with new souls to breathe the honest air;

If rich man, poor man, lawyer, merchant, thief
Declare with one accord that they'd as lief
Laugh and forget, and make a gracious truce
With sea and mountain; learn again the use
Of earth and sky and ocean-ranging breeze,
And dance, *and dance* beneath the pepper trees.

Decoration by Joseph Sinel

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From the painting by Winold Reiss

CHARLES S. JOHNSON

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From the painting by Winold Reiss

COUNTEE CULLEN

IN these portraits Winold Reiss interprets two young men who render singularly happy service in the self-expression of their race. Charles S. Johnson, editor of Opportunity, has a talent for the discovery and encouragement of poets, playwrights and writers whose work illumines the Negro spirit with genuine beauty—as the files of the publication testify. Mr. Johnson was the moving spirit in the literary contest described by Zona Gale on the following pages.

Countee Cullen whose poem, Heritage, was published in Survey Graphic for March, was the winner of the second poetry prize in Opportunity's literary contest. His first book of collected verse will appear very soon under the Harper imprint.

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The Negro Sees Himself

By ZONA GALE

Sensitive to the emotional nuances of a community and a distinguished craftsman in fiction, Miss Gale was a happy choice to serve as one of the judges of the short-story section of the belles-lettres contest for Negroes conducted by Opportunity and recently brought to a close with a notable dinner in New York. She has set down for The Survey the fresh impressions of her fellow-craftsmen, pioneers in their own race, which this experience brought her.

THE literary contest conducted by Opportunity is accomplishing that for which all literary contests long, though few bring off, namely, the introducing of new writers of fine promise. The recent short-story contest in Harper's Magazine resulted in bringing out at least two new short story writers. Opportunity has brought out several new writers whose promise is signal and whose present achievement is certain.

In addition to this general advantage to American literature, there is still another point to be stressed, and it is that these writers in the Opportunity Contest are all Negroes, writing of Negro life. We have known that the Negro, both in the southern and northern United States, offers a field seldom honestly dealt with in fiction. Occasionally touched by a master, this field has been more often sentimentalized, caricatured, patronized than recorded. And if its atmosphere was faithfully interpreted, yet in fiction its people have not often come alive. They have been treated as types, as lay figures of situations authentically tragic or comic, but in which they usually participated no more than pegs. There have been distinguished exceptions, but these have not abounded. American fiction has known the traditional cow boy, miner, Puritan, Yankee, Mammy, plantation Negro and Negro of the north. One after another these have disappeared from fiction as types and have re-appeared as people. The last of this group to know this transformation is the Negro as here portrayed by Negro writers. For one value of Opportunity's contest is this: It has pointed out that the Negro as a breathing being is a character which has come into American fiction to stay.

Of course, another value of the contest is that it has introduced to us these young Negro writers themselves. But they are secondary. The primary value may not be to them or to their race. It may very well be to American letters, which they are hereby revealed as serving and as about to serve.

It was impossible to be as sure of one's own judgment in making selection, as to be sure of the general worth of all those selected. The first-prize winning story, Fog, by John Matheus, is in emotional power, in characterization, in unity and in general significance of very high importance. I hesitated long between Fog and Spunk, before deciding on the former, and for me the determinant was probably one of content—the fact that Fog so strongly dramatizes the whole interracial situation. It is this situation which will almost certainly be defined by the future as having chiefly characterized one of the richest veins of material opened in this past. Even contemporary French and English and Russians are able to judge this vein as Americans as a whole are not able to judge it, because, though toward nations we are superficially cosmopolitan, yet toward races we are socially provincial; whereas Europe is really cosmopolitan through her rich contacts in her colonies.

But here at last arises a group of American writers who seem able to isolate the case of the Negro in America, and to write about him as Europeans might write about him, if European writers had the material in hand.

For in these stories there is little of accusation, little of defense, little of judgment. There is, instead, mere imaginative recording.

In other words, the first American writers to present with detachment the amazingly pictorial and emotional material of Negro life in America, are not white men and women, but Negro men and women. The race which has been wronged has acquired detachment before its oppressors! And morally and creatively this is exactly what one might expect—in a world in which the vanquished is infallibly the victor.

This ability to look with detachment on the rich field of raw human emotion, presented by the present case of the Negro in America, is exemplified in one of the entries called Jettisoned, its first third of outstanding power in character and situation: That of the Negro mother whose married daughter is "passing" (passing for white), and from a summer home of comfort invites her mother to visit her and her children, as if she were their old Negro mammy. Here is drama of power, too great drama for the tale, and the writer wavers away from it, offering a solution outside the real drama—but the story serves to show the jagged peaks possible to these pioneers who have accomplished the astounding feat of seeing once more the soul of the commonplace.

In Spunk, by Zora Neale Hurston, however, there is exhibited a power artistically in advance of the one just noted. Because this is a story written as if there were not a white or red or brown or yellow man in the world, but only one race going about a business of love and choice and jealousy and fear and reception of the furies. This story expresses not the new Negro consciousness of the emotional autonomy of the race, but merely human emotion. And its style is the product of the universal literary endeavor—for style may be nationalistic, but it is largely non-racial. The compactness, the elisions, the characterization, the power with which the crest of this story is approached and foreshadowed and handled, and the perfection of the ending, these are feats of real significance.

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One of the discoveries of the contest is Eric D. Walrond, the author of The Voodoo's Revenge. Without doubt the most colorful writing in any of the stories is in the first section of this story. This is the beginning:

At the edge of Faulke's River a fleet of cayukas lay at anchor. It was a murky slice of water front. Half Latin, it was a rendezvous for those French creoles who had left the service of the Americans to go into business for themselves as liquor dealers, fishermen, coal burners, black artists, etc. On the side of it facing the muddy rivulet with its coral islets and turtle shoals, were the usual cafes, dance halls and fish markets. Behind these stretched a line of "Silver" quarters—cabins of the black Antillian canal diggers.

This enviable accustomedness to detail and familiarity with a treasure of material is later marred by lack of control, lack of line. But though the tale flickers and has for the reader small confusions, yet if nothing more came out of this contest than to have this author set himself to the mastery of form, it would have been worth while. For here on the large canvas moves the natural stylist, in the air of literature unconditioned.

The stories succeed in general where all the moderns succeed, and fail where the moderns fail. For example, many of the stories are not *about enough,* a failing sufficiently usual. But they are free from sentimentality and many of them are free of verbiage. And though the stories are nearly all stories of disillusionment, most of them are "sound" and sanely conceived.

I used the word pioneers, and that is exactly what these young Americans are. Nearly eight hundred of them entering this contest! Thirty-four short stories of outstanding quality! And the other departments of the contest witnessing to a parallel creative stirring! This is a simultaneous emerging of a company before largely unknown to the field of creative work—a condition without correspondence in the history of literary work in America.

The Weary Blues

By LANGSTON HUGHES

Awarded First Prize

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
I heard a Negro play
Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
He did a lazy sway . . .
He did a lazy sway . . .
To the tune o' those Weary Blues.
With his ebony hands on each ivory key
He made that poor piano moan with melody.
O Blues!
Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
Sweet Blues!
Coming from a black man's soul.
O Blues!
In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
"Ain't got nobody in all this world,
Ain't got nobody but ma self.
I's gwine to quit ma frownin'
And put ma troubles on the shelf."
Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.
He played a few chords then sang some more—
"I got the Weary Blues
And I can't be satisfied.
Got the Weary Blues
And can't be satisfied—
I ain't happy no mo'
And I wish that I had died."
And far into the night he crooned that tune.
The stars went out and so did the moon.
The singer stopped playing and went to bed
While the Weary Blues echoed through his head,
He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

Awards in the Opportunity Literary Contest

The winning manuscripts selected from 732 entries in the five divisions of Opportunity's Literary Contest, as announced at the special meeting in New York, May 1:

SHORT STORIES

First prize of $100 to Fog by John Matheus, Institute, West Virginia.

Second prize of $35 to Spunk by Zora Neale Hurston, Jacksonville, Florida.

Third prize of $15 to The Voodoo's Revenge by Eric D. Walrond, New York.

POETRY

First prize of $40 to The Weary Blues by Langston Hughes, Washington, D. C.

Second prize of $15 to To One Who Said Me Nay by Countee Cullen, New York.

Third prize of $10 was a tie between the first and second prize winners and the award was divided betwcen the next two contestants—for Solace by Clarissa Scott, Washington, D. C. and The Wayside Well by Joseph S. Cotter, Louisville, Kentucky.

ESSAYS

First prize of $50 to Social Equality and the Negro by E. Franklin Frazier, Atlanta, Georgia.

Second prize of $30 to Roland Hayes by Sterling Brown, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Third prize of $10 to The Negro Poet by Laura D. Wheatley, Baltimore, Maryland.

PLAYS

First prize of $60 to Frances by G. D. Lipscomb.

Second prize of $35 to Humbl· Instrument by Warren A. MacDonald, Philadelphia.

Third prize of $15 to The Bog Guide by Jean Ray, Baltimore.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE SKETCHES

First prize of $30 to My Fellow Traveler by G. A. Steward, Columbus, Ohio.

Second prize of $20 to An Experience by Florida Ripley, Boston.

Third prize to Personal Experience by J. C. Stubbs, Detroit.

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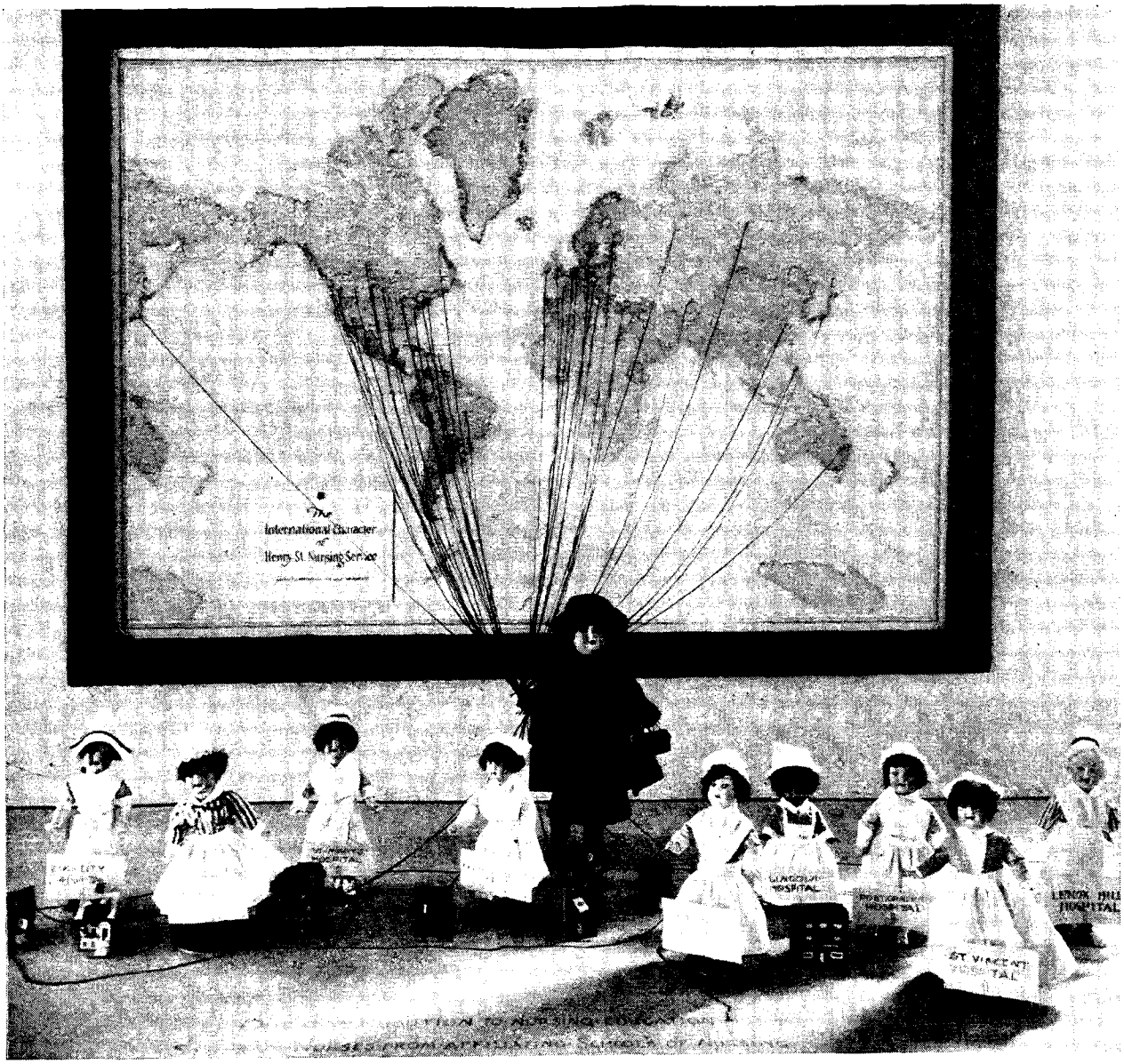

The Henry Street Visiting Nurse

INSTEAD of a costly annual report, the Henry Street Settlement tried an interesting experiment this spring with respect to the visiting nurse service which it administers throughout Greater New York. It held a stockholders week at its central building in Park Avenue—an innovation so popular that it was expanded to a fortnight.

Pin maps, posters, miniatures of district offices and other exhibits took the place of printed pages in portraying the work of the staff of 267 members in making 374,262 visits the past year, caring for 51,126 patients. The invitations went out with the familiar banknote border of a stock certificate, with the explanation, "We list the dividends which have accrued through your 1924 investment (in public health). The returns . . . are intangible to you—yes, but to those who were helped the returns were very real."

The photograph below of a nurse's day was typical of the exhibit; that above, showed how far nurses, recruited from various hospitals, who have received additional training at Henry Street, have carried its spirit and technique throughout the world.

A maternity case, a pneumonia patient, a welfare visit, a visit to a convalescent from acute illness, prenatal work, the well-baby station, a return visit to the pneumonia patient, and the final report at the nursing center, all these figure in the day's work of the visiting nurse, as shown in these miniature tableaux recently exhibited.

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Can Hospitals Be Humane?

By WINFRED RHOADES

AFTER months of severe strain a woman went to a hospital to be treated by a specialist in whom she had been led to feel confidence as a man of rare insight and exceptional skill. Her disorder was in the back. If not cured, she saw lifelong invalidism ahead. She went in the spirit not only of trust, but of eager cooperation.

But, she said in telling me about it, the surgeons apparently did not regard her cooperation as worth the accepting. After being put to bed in what was considered the proper position to bring about the needed adjustment, she was left without one word of explanation as to the reaction, physical and mental, that she must now expect. Her suffering was intense. Until the third day she did not even lay eyes upon the specialist to whose skill she had entrusted her future.

"If only the doctor had come in and said, 'I know this hurts, but don't be alarmed; it's doing just what we want—pulling these ligaments and joints back into place,' I'd have stood it almost joyfully," said my friend. "Enduring with a purpose and understanding!—Contrast that with the blind distress of one who suffers, wondering if it is all a mistake, knowing he is helpless even if it is!"

But the surgeon stayed away, and one of the younger doctors joked about his being wise enough not to come around until the worst was over.

"It was not coddling I wanted," wrote my friend. "I am a reasonable individual; I am accustomed to bearing pain with some patience. Nor am I that bane of doctors—the patient who insists upon 'running his own case.' I am a perfectly docile person when my confidence is not abused. *But the one who does the suffering has a right to understand*, as far as possible.

"What's more, I'd have *done better* if I had understood. Even if it could be proved that my back would have mended no faster, my nerve wear-and-tear would have been lessened and my convalescent 'after hospital treatment' would have been shortened."

That surgeon, however, did not ask for intelligent cooperation; he asked only for a blind faith that could not be accorded:

"That delicate, fragile thing, confidence between patient and doctor, was impaired. I had lost confidence in my doctor—not in his ability with refractory spines, but in him as a safe repository for all I was entrusting to him.

"To doctors themselves this *right relation* matters very little (or they surely would try harder to cultivate and preserve it); but to the success of their healing it matters a great deal."

IF a person with a more than usually clear and reasonable and wholesome mind, such as my friend, is thus affected by the nonchalant professionalism of the people to whom she had turned for help, and their utter indifference to her mental state, what, then, is likely to be the psychic reaction of the typical case that goes into a ward in a public hospital? He has had to give up his work and pay; the mystery of disease is preying upon his mind; he fears that his disorder will result in lifelong handicap and suffering. He is sick at heart as well as in body. His alarmed and uninformed mind shys at the thought of a hospital, but he is told that there he will find wise men, some of the best of their kind, with resources at their command which will enable them to get at the root of his trouble if any one can. He puts his hope in the hospital. It is his last resort.

As soon as he is admitted and put to bed, one or two or three very young men come in, and, without giving any hint as to what it is all about, mayhap without even a word to the patient unless to give a necessary order, they pull down the bed clothes and bend his joints; they rap his elbows and knees with a little hammer of hard rubber; they thump his chest; they peer into his eyes; they take a sample of his blood. Another young man asks him some questions and makes records of his answers. In course of time a meal is brought on a tray, a nurse rubs his back with alcohol and adjusts the covers, the lights are put out, and the long night begins without his having come in contact with anyone who seemed old enough or experienced enough to act upon his baffling problem with authority. If he ventures to ask a nurse for a little information, she, acting under rule, puts him off with an evasive answer.

The next morning, when the visiting physician makes his round, the sick one sees at last a man of maturity and authority. He expects to tell something about himself to ears that will understand; he hopes to receive a little more knowledge and a little more light. But the visiting physician perhaps asks not a question of the patient. He may possibly poke his fingers about the man's ribs, or use the stethoscope in the region of his heart, or glance at his teeth, or inspect the place that hurts, but whatever talk he has is with his staff and in muffled tones. Then he turns away, and passes on to the next bed. The long-waited hour has come and passed, and the sufferer knows no more about his condition, or about the probabilities or possibilities in his case, than he did before. Everything is still to him a dark and terrible mystery.

Then days go by. The visiting physician makes his momentary daily stop, but gives no information, makes no explanations, to the one who lies there bewildered. Sometimes he does not even show any recognition of him from day to day; he consults the record chart, he talks with his staff, but apparently does not take into consideration that the object about which he is talking is a fellow man, sensitive, suffering, puzzled, heavy-hearted, longing for information but afraid he will break some hospital rule if he asks.

Perhaps then the time comes for one of the periodical hospital shifts, and the familiar visiting physician gives place to a stranger who, so far as the patient is aware, knows nothing about his history or condition. It seems to the sufferer that the connection is broken, except for the inex-

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perienced youth who gives some information to the newcomer. The hospital system has not been explained to him.

More days go by, and no medicine is administered, no treatment given. It seems to the patient that nothing is being done to cure his ailment. He has never learned that the best doctors no longer trust in the power of chemical solutions and compounds to cure the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to. He is under continual observation, tests of blood and urine are made, x-ray pictures are taken and electrocardiographic records are charted, but all without explanation. He might just as well be under treatment by a primitive medicine man so far as his understanding is concerned. No effort is made to help him out from the realm of mystery and dread, and to call forth his rational participation in a plan of improvement.

He is but seldom a reading man, and cannot make the time pass happily and constructively with books. Except in an occasional hospital, no other occupation is offered him. Whether his thoughts, in this idleness and with his only notions as to his condition derived from ignorant misapprehensions, pernicious imaginings, and old wives' tales—whether his thoughts are likely to be wholesome and conducive to health, the reader of imagination can guess. After two or three weeks, or sometimes a little longer, the doctors, having tried in vain the various resources of the hospital, tell him to dress and go home, and he goes back to his tenement or his little house no better than when he left it, no wiser about his condition, feeling that nothing has been done for him, filled with resentments and distrusting all hospitals and all medical men.

In the beloved thought of the world the word *doctor* has been wont to call up a picture far different. Mention that word, and there arises in the mind the image of a man who has taken the woes of distressed humanity into his heart, and spends himself with great-souled munificence, and fills an important place among the world's voluntary burden-bearers. It is to the devotion and wisdom of our compassionate and self-sacrificing physicians that not a few of us owe some of our chiefest help in life's hardest days. Their hearts warmly responsive to human need, their hidden charities generous beyond the guess of the common man, they have made us their debtors forever.

Stories could be told, were they not too intimate for publication. City and country, the words of honor and gratitude would be similar. Only a few days ago a country doctor with whom I was talking afforded me an illustration. He told of being called to attend a boy with a fractured arm. He carried the boy to a hospital in a small city five miles away, and had the arm x-rayed. The picture showed a very bad condition. "I don't want to touch it," said the best known practitioner of the city, who had been called in to give his help; "We'd better telephone for M—." And so a surgeon was asked to come from a famous city fifty miles distant. When the bones had been put in place, the x-ray was used again, before the bandaging. After the plaster cast has been put on the x-ray was used a third time, to make sure that all was right.

"What do you want these people to pay you?" the country doctor then asked the surgeon.

"Nothing, if they're not able to pay," answered the surgeon. "If they are able to pay anything, I'll leave the amount to you."

This case is significant just because there is nothing remarkable or picturesque about it. A seven-year-old broke his arm; three doctors gave their Sunday time, and one of them made a tedious journey, without any question of pay, to give the unknown and obscure child a fair chance in life. The story is typical of what would make a large literature. Long journeys are made, night work is added to day work, over and over again no pay is asked for, and it is because the doctors use their learning and skill as a trust, for the relief of distressed humanity. The broken and despairing who have gone to them without health and without money, and almost without hope, have been sent back into the world with new strength and courage to enter bravely once again into life's struggle. Again and again souls that were trying to grope their pitiful way in the dark have been led by the help of their doctors to light they had not known before.

This spirit of comparison, insight and comprehension is the spirit for which the public hospital historically stands. It was the Christian idea that founded these houses of mercy, and it was increasing Christian compassion, and vision of need, that carried them round the globe and opened them to the poor of all lands. This being so, the public should be able to feel perfect assurance that the sick lying in hospital beds will not be looked upon as merely "cases," but that they will be dealt with as human beings who are at their wits' end under the grip of pain and in the presence of a not-understood terrible mystery. For the sick stretch out wistful hands for the spirit of love even more than for the science that is doing the works of love.

THE advanced science of our day has much to say about the influence of mind upon body. The hospital is a place where there is grave need for definite attention to some of those psychological principles, if those principles are really of any worth. When no drugs are administered, and nothing else is done that the patient can identify as treatment, he needs an explanation of the why and wherefore. If salt is taken out of his diet, he needs to understand the reason, so that he will not borrow from his neighbor's tray as soon as the nurse's back is turned. If rest and a right attitude of mind is the only prescription needed, then the doctors, or some one with authority to speak for them, should endeavor to make him understand and believe in the therapeutic value of rest, and help him into a right mental attitude. If nature does not need to be aided by drugs, it always does need to be aided by the patient's intelligent use of what mind he has. It is neither right nor efficient to leave him without anything that he can interpret as a direct effort to make him well. Some understanding of what is being attempted is one of his primary needs. Some knowledge of what he himself can do to help is another. The dispelling of his crude fears is another. Unless light is let into his thinking, panic terrors and wrong beliefs are likely to become fixed in his subconscious mind with dire results. Correct information, wise instruction, firm but gentle encouragement, tactful and inspiriting persuasion to rise up and master his sickness and handicap—these things he needs. "To persuade patients and make them leap over obstacles by the power of encouragement alone," said Professor Dubois, whose successes at Berne became notable a few years ago, "is necessary in the majority of diseases."

If the head physicians and their staffs are too busy for these things, then a new employe—a go-between—would add definitely to the hospital's efficiency. Such a worker could go to each patient (*Continued on page* 314)

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EDITORIALS

THE well-defined preliminary symptoms of trouble in the coal industry are popping up all over the lot. West Virginia, as usual, because of its predominantly non-union coal production, is the point of highest febrile temperature.

In the spring of 1924, the United Mine Workers of America, supported by the administration at Washington, succeeded in negotiating a three-year agreement with the coal operators—known as the Jacksonville agreement because Jacksonville, Florida, was the scene of the negotiation—which reaffirmed their high post-war wage scale. The miners hailed the agreement as a death blow to the open shop drive that had spread over the country under the patriotic banner of the American Plan. They rejoiced at the fact that "this long term contract carries with it the highest rate of wages that the miners have ever received for their labor, thus assuring the members of the union in the bituminous fields, the present scale for a period of three years without the possibility of interruption." Similar approval was proclaimed from Washington, not only because the three year contract was accepted as a guarantee of peace, but also because it was assumed that the high wage scale would tend to eliminate the less efficient, high-cost mines and so tend to cure "over production, the disease of the coal industry."

In practice, however, the high cost mines have turned out to be not so much the inefficiently managed mines, as those that are committed to "the highest rate of wages the miners have ever received." The union mines of West Virginia, unable to meet the competition of non-union mines, where wages are subject to change at the will of the owner, began to shut down right and left. For years the United Mine Workers had been attempting to organize the non-union fields of West Virginia; now they were threatened with the loss of the mines which they already held. A conspicuous example is the Coal River Collieries, owned by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which, on the ground that it could not operate under the Jacksonville wage scale without loss, refused to sign up with the union. The back-sliding became so general that the union called a strike in April in an effort to hold its ground. Certain operators countered by applying for injunctions to prevent picketing and the attempt of the union to unionize miners under individual contract. When on May 8 Federal Judge Baker rendered a decision granting the union the right of "peaceful persuasion," the union's attorney hailed the decision as "the greatest victory ever won by union miners in labor." But on the following day another judge issued a temporary injunction not only forbidding picketing but also restraining members of the union from "loitering" near certain mines which had reopened with non-union labor. Meanwhile shipments of coal from non-union mines continued to out-distance shipment from union mines. Directly across the border of northern West Virginia where the strike is being waged, in the Pittsburgh district of Pennsylvania, one of the largest companies has shut down fifteen of its union mines, "for the reason that coal cannot be produced at the present high union wages and sold in competition with southern non-union coal, except at a heavy loss."

THE symptoms of trouble are not confined to northern West Virginia or to the neighboring Pittsburgh district of Pennsylvania. At Nanty Glo in central Pennsylvania, at the heart of one of the oldest and most strongly unionized territories, the union miners and their wives have thrown up barricades in an effort to check the importation of non-union workers into mines that have broken away from the Jacksonville agreement and are attempting to operate non-union and below the union wage-scale. In Indiana a number of mining companies, in an effort to evade the terms of the Jacksonville agreement, have succeeded in inducing their employes to enter into "cooperative" arrangements under which wages are based not on the Jacksonville agreement but on return from sales. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers has served notice on these union members that if they persist in violating the Jacksonville contract their charters will be revoked. In the meantime a federal judge has issued an injunction restraining the union from interfering with these "cooperative" mining projects. The miners of Illinois, more than 90 per cent of whom belong to the union, have, as a result of their determined stand for the Jacksonville scale, gone through one of the worst years in their history, having averaged barely three days' work a week, thousands of them having gone through the year with practically no work at all. Many of the largest Illinois mines are shut down. Coal from the non-union fields to the south is being hauled into and through their territory.

THE United Mine Workers, in their stand for the Jacksonville agreement, logically contend that if they should release the operators from their contract and voluntarily lower the wage scale, the non-union operators would maintain their present advantage by further reducing the wages of their non-union employes. The net result, they say, would simply be to make the subnormal standard of

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living common in the non-union territory general throughout the coal fields. This, they argue, would undermine the standard of living for all wage workers throughout the country. Since they are not in executive control of the industry, they protest that they are not to blame for its grave business predicament.

Meanwhile the National Retail Coal Merchants Association, in convention at Atlantic City, hold the miners' union responsible for the "present chaotic condition of the coal industry." They are apprehensive that as winter approaches, unrest will spread and agitation for governmental intervention will be renewed. President Crowell of the association quotes "no less an authority than Senator King" as saying that "governmental control of coal is coming." This, he protests, would be "socialistic, un-American and not in the public interest." But while so protesting, he sees no remedy for the chaotic condition except the hope "that out of the present chaos will come an industry that the public, as well as ourselves, will be pleased with."

The fact is that neither the miners nor the operators have shown any capacity to deal effectively with a situation that is a constant source of danger to the community. The chaos in the industry is keeping thousands of men, women and children in a state of extreme poverty. It is an endemic disease comparable in magnitude to tuberculosis itself. To allow it to continue without any sustained public effort to deal with it is no more or less intelligent than to allow cases of smallpox or typhoid or diphtheria to go unregarded. The danger signals that dot the coal fields call for something more than "confidence" and "optimism" both from the public and from its agents in public office.

THE urge to educational "progress" continues unabated through the land: from the backwoods of Georgia, from the high hills of Mexico, from the shady groves of the university campus, from the roaring caverns of giant power industry, from the modest retreats of culture in Europe and America, from the stormy areas of unrest all round the world—from every land and corner come programs of "onward and upward."

Unfortunately, most of the programs expect to achieve "progress" by restriction and retreat. The American Civil Liberties Union reports that in the last six months more restrictive educational laws have been passed than in any other similar time in our history. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, West Virginia and Kentucky have enacted laws requiring daily readings from the Bible in the public schools, "without comment" and providing that any teacher who fails to conform to this act shall be discharged. Other states contemplating similar legislation are Virginia, Texas, New Jersey and Washington. In South Dakota, last March, a judge held that a school board has the authority to expel any pupil who refuses to listen to this Bible reading. It is quite evident that some of our sovereign states are going to bring the Kingdom of Heaven in by violence if they can't get it any other way.

But Tennessee has gone still further. Tennessee has declared in regular and legal fashion that Nature must work according to the principles laid down in the Bible, or not at all. A school teacher who said that he saw Nature working naturally is, at this writing, under trial in that state, with William Jennings Bryan, who is *en rapport* with what goes on *sub specie aeternitatis,* retained as special prosecuting attorney. The case has been brought under the new anti-evolution law. The learned justice of the peace in the little country town will settle the question as to the nature of the universe in a decision that will, undoubtedly, go down into history, via the back stairways of time.

Why not? Did not Uncle Jasper prove that "the sun do move" by showing that, otherwise, Joshua could not have made it stand still? The fact is that humanity has never made enough use of its great principles of legislative control, "judicial review" and "due process of law" in dealing with nature. Kipling's immortal town that voted that the earth was flat showed the proper spirit in dealing with natural facts. And the little town in Montana that decided by popular election, back in 1908, that Dr. Cook had discovered the North Pole showed us how to deal with historical questions. Our legislators and justices of the peace are showing us, these days, that all that is needed is a little courage to make the world over nearer to our hearts' desires.

WHILE so many lines of social work continue to flourish like the green bay tree, the danger arises that in a conference, where they all are brought together, it may be quite impossible to see the forest for the trees. The program of the California Conference, in session as this issue of The Survey comes from the press, shows refreshing boldness in breaking away from technical considerations to devote a general meeting to a forum for the consideration of two highly controversial issues—birth control, and the criminal syndicalism law in California. Each subject will be presented by an advocate and an opponent, followed by thirty minutes of discussion from the floor on a three-minute rule, and the consideration of resolutions that the Conference endorse the Cummins-Vaile Bill, now before Congress, authorizing the dissemination of contraceptive information through the mails with proper safeguards; the establishment of birth control clinics for cases selected on a medical basis and under proper professional control; and the repeal of the anti-syndicalism law.

The National Conference also will consider some of the social problems which underlie social work in the debate on the Child Labor Amendment, but it is disappointing to find that an apparently widespread interest in the birth control question, which is of such acute concern in certain aspects of social work (see the articles by Miriam Van Waters and Benjamin Glassberg in The Survey for May 15) is to be met only by an unofficial meeting, privately arranged and sandwiched in between regular sessions, at which Mrs. Margaret Sanger will discuss the subject with members of the Conference interested in it.

Outside the main tent of the Denver conference, also, is the interesting experiment in the technique of group discussion which the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work will conduct in its "kindred group" meetings. There has been a growing conviction on the part of its members (*Continued on page* 312)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

A Master Mariner Deserts Tide Water

JOANNA COLCORD was born in the cabin of a sailing ship in the South Seas. From eight to eighteen she spent half of her years at sea, sailing with her father to the "River" (Buenos Aires on the La Plata), in the China trade, and on one two years' voyage that touched at South Africa, and Australia, back to Mexico, ashore in Southern California, and thence by rail back home to Searsport, Maine. At eighteen she took her final examinations of the Searsport High School aboard ship in Hong Kong harbor, with her mother as proctor. Out of those memories of her childhood, verified and amplified by recollections of other sailormen who have heard and sung shanties, she has gathered the book of folksongs of the sea, Roll and Go.

Photograph by Mary Woodbridge Herring

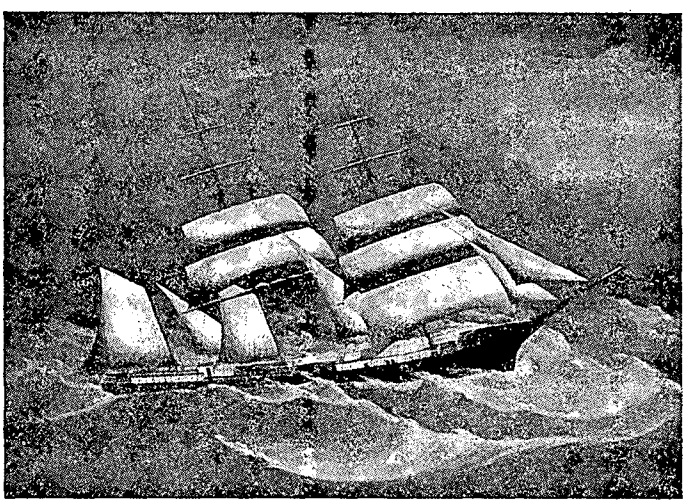
Joanna Colcord

The shanties were of the very stuff of the old sailing ships—the human rhythms which were part and parcel of hoisting topsails or getting the anchor. With the passing of the ships they too have passed. The last instance known to Miss Colcord of a full crew shantying at its work was eight years ago. Like the beautiful homely furniture of early New England these home-made songs, colorful but often rough and ribald, had to wait for formal appreciation by an audience which knows only by hearsay the circumstances of their creation and use. It is the rare good fortune of this audience that one little girl heard and loved them, and carried that love through the arduous work of compilation and verification which lies back of the publication of the words and tunes in the book.

Probably no less surprising than the nautical chapter in Miss Colcord's experience to many who have known her only as a cornerstone of the New York Charity Organization Society, is the story of the three years following her graduation from the University of Maine, which she spent as a chemist in the agricultural experiment station of that state. Chemistry, however, seemed out of touch with the more human side of life, and largely because of the advice of Orlando F. Lewis, under whom she had studied at the university, she set sail on another uncharted sea and came to New York to the School of Social Work. The whole of her professional subsequent social work experience, beginning in 1911, has been spent in increasingly responsible service with the C. O. S.

Both the seamen and the landsmen in Miss Colcord's New York circle of friends will regret her approaching desertion of tidewater, to become general secretary of the Family Welfare Society of Minneapolis. But it seems safe to predict that even that landlocked position in the center of the great American plain cannot subdue an instinct for the sea so deeply inbred. As Lincoln Colcord, her brother, writes in the introduction to Roll and Go:

> To have been born at sea, in the cabin of a sailing ship among the South Sea Islands, the daughter of a ship master; to be descended from five generations of deep-water seamen of the New England coast, masters and builders of square-rigged vessels; to have spent the most of her girlhood at sea, up to the age of eighteen, on board her father's vessel, sailing on China voyages; to have learned from him, in loyalty and devotion, in a setting of ocean days, the subtle and intricate lore of the sea; to have lived constantly during those years in an atmosphere of seafaring, knowing none but seamen, seeing nothing but ships and ports and oceans, concerned only with the fortunes of voyages, hearing no speech but the nautical vernacular; to have felt at home on a ship's deck rather than on dry land; to have gained a working knowledge of the handling of a ship, and acquired an instinctive judgment of her condition; and without



From a painting by an unknown Chinese artist

The Bark Harvard on which Joanna Colcord spent a part of her youth

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thought or affectation, but only in confidence, to have loved storms and dangers for the worth they disclosed in ships and men; to have been the cat's-paw of such a destiny, and that during the closing phase of the sailing-ship era, was to become a seaman whether or no. It does not constitute a claim, it states a fact. No human being could pass through such an experience and ever lose the feeling of the sea.

Perhaps next year we can chronicle a shanty club in Minneapolis.

ROLL AND GO, *Songs of American Sailormen. Compiled by Joanna C. Colcord. The Bobbs Merrill Company. 118 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

Fairyland in Jails

TIME: evening.
Place: a state reformatory.

Dramatis personae: two young fellows busily occupied with a pile of books, and a person hovering in the rear who is wondering what causes the absorbed attention which one of the boys is giving to the other. These are desperate characters no doubt. All the uplifters of two cities were not able to keep these lads from this place of last resort. They may have stolen autos, or forged, or dynamited a bank. What may they not be planning now! One feels a certain responsibility, so finally the question bursts out—"What on earth are you talking about?" "Oh, I'm just telling him a story that I read the other day." "Do tell me the name of it, since you both seem to enjoy it so much!" "It's called Pollyanna Grown Up."

Now it is breakfast time. The tall young man who appears to be in charge of the bill of fare is a familiar presence for this is not the first time one has seen him in this room. "Are you the one to get my breakfast this morning? What can I have?" After he has brought a comfortable meal, I say "And what are you reading now?" "Chicot the Jester" he replies promptly. "Oh, Dumas!" I exclaim, "Great writer, isn't he? No padding; the story begins with the first line. I hope you had a complete copy? It is hard to keep a perfect set of Dumas on the shelves." "Yes", he agrees, "It certainly is fierce to find six pages missing right in the middle of a story!" "Well"—apologetically—"I must try to secure a new set."

Next, the state prison library. I look around and remark to the man who has been my right-hand helper for several years, "Your library looks very well. The neatest and smartest looking in the state. What are you reading now?" He points to a long row of books—The Library of Universal History. "You are reading it all straight through, I suppose?" "Yes, I'm tired of fiction." "What would you like to read if I could get it for you?" "The Page Letters," he states at once. "Too bad they are still so expensive. But perhaps I can pick them up at some sale."

What have we here? Just a lot of pamphlets to be arranged for the use of an official in a women's reformatory. A deft, intelligent-looking young woman is helping and we are mutually pleased with results. Two books turn up in a box of mending material and I decide to have them repaired "while we are at it." Let's see what they are, for they appear to have suited the taste of a good many readers. The Rosary by Florence L. Barclay, and The Lamp-lighter, that ancient favorite of sweet, sheltered women, who would be shocked to find "sisters under the skin" in such a place as this. "And what are you reading now?" I inquire of my helper. "El Dorado," she replies. "One of my favorites," I comment.

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What's the matter with the men who *almost* succeed?

SO MANY GIVE ALL THEY HAVE TO THEIR JOBS, AND YET NEVER GET AHEAD. HAVEN'T YOU OFTEN WONDERED WHY?

AN EMINENT AUTHORITY RECENTLY WROTE:

"*I have drawn up a list of a hundred and fifty of the men I have known who had a good chance to reach the top and hold the top in public service, in money-making or in the arts—and have sunk or are all through. I have checked off the list with the various causes which I believe make men crack, and I have the result I expected. Ninety-seven of these men fell down, according to my conviction, clearly because of lack of health.*"

THEY work hard. They drive themselves through long hours. They hunch over desks, intent on the problems and tools of their craft. They are aiming at success.

Success! It is a whetstone for every man's metal. Every man worth his salt wants to succeed. Hard work is necessary. But old John Locke, wise man, had the comprehensive view.

"A sound mind in a sound body," was his formula for success.

If Americans have a lesson to learn, it is the last half of John Locke's teaching. What profiteth it a man to increase his capacities, if the human machine breaks down and leaves him stranded!

We are careless about health. We think we can eat anything that appeals to our fancy. We think we can go without systematic exercise—can clip short our hours of rest. Worst of all, perhaps, we think we can take "harmless" stimulants regularly into our systems. We forget that any artificial stimulant simply drugs us into temporary obliviousness—that the "energy" it seems to give us is really drained from the body's vital reserve.

We *can* do all these things for a time, most of us, and get away with it. Therein lies the danger. Nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, indigestion—these warnings are brushed aside as trivial. When the crash comes—or when the slow process of deterioration asserts itself in some insidious disease—we can only regret.

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Isn't the Scarlet Pimpernel a charming hero?"

Again the "female delinquent." Can you believe your eyes? A library for a girls' reform school placed on open shelves in a Community Building! It is natural to surmise that the books were snatched off for several months until the cooperation of the girls was secured. But such was not the case. For some reason the girls played the game with a good spirit and there was little trouble. The library has functioned well enough for several years. Look about. What authors do you see? Surely not Jane Austen! It can't be that any one reads Old Jane here! Look at the book cards. Evidently there is something about these books that appeals to the girls, although they know life as Jane Austen could not have known it. Yet she seems to have a message for them for these books have been popular.

But, of course, not as popular as those of one Zane Grey. The taste for the works of this writer reminds one of the moutaineer hostess who exclaimed to the protesting parson "If it was all molasses, Parson, it would be none too good for you!" Even so, if the libraries were composed entirely of the writings of this one man they would be just to the taste of the readers in state institutions, especially where the population is youthful and more or less delinquent.

Among the mentally sick, however, other authors rival Zane Grey in interest. The charm of the cow-boy is felt by all the frequenters of hospital libraries, both men and women, but also there is often a "run" on some old-time mid-Victorian romance like Self-Raised or Saint Elmo, and any book in which the heroine is chaste and lovely and the villain is thoroughly punished meets with approval. It must not be supposed that the best sellers of the moment are not in demand. An earnest perusal of the advertisements in the magazines produces a desire for the latest things in print which is not to be overlooked. However, if one is a resident for many years one is likely to get a good deal of satisfaction from reading "sets." Every now and then there is an opportunity to compare notes with the man who has read all of Scott and one is as pleased to find that his favorite is Heart of Mid-Lothian as though he were not among those segregated because of mental peculiarities. My attention is called to the American Statesmen series, and I am informed there is a lot of good reading in those books, though perhaps the ones about Abraham Lincoln are the most interesting. Poetry, too. That volume of Heart Throbs in Prose and Verse, often renewed, always looks in the last stages of worn-out-ness. And Longfellow and one William Shakespeare are perennial favorites.

These facts hold to a certain extent among those readers who are defective mentally rather than sick. They seem to have sound taste, for old Jacob Abbot's long list of biographies is not entirely neglected. His fine careful English makes easy reading. However, anything which has what the newspapers call "human interest" is likely to give satisfaction here. Michael O'Halloran, Nobody's Boy, Anne of Green Gables, these are in demand and one must be careful to supply every book that is published, more or less, which carries on the careers of Anne, Pollyanna or the Rover boys.

Time: almost supper-time. Place: a beautiful room in a school-house, the library for a boys' reform school. Persons: groups of large boys from the print shop, the paint shop, carpenter shop, bakery, kitchen. They come on different days and the room is always full of quiet readers. Says the wise lady who knows them best, "It is such a

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pleasure to note the boys' happy expressions as they come into the library."

The words of a famous preacher come to mind, who recently recalled the legend of the buried bells of the ideal city of Atlantis, which the Brittany fisher folk can hear "on quiet nights, when the winds are still, if a man's heart is right." May it not be that these delinquent boys oftentimes during their library period have been quieted over the printed and pictured page until they too have "heard the pealing of the bells?" MIRIAM E. CAREY

Shall We Send An Observer?

THE League of Nations is going to issue each year through a special committee a list of the six hundred best books of all nations. The number allotted to each country will be decided according to the total number of books published in that country. These are the words of a dispatch from Geneva. The plan is intended to increase international understanding by giving a way whereby the different countries may more easily secure the outstanding intellectual productions of their fellow human beings. The exact process for the selection of the books has not yet been announced. This is just a protocol proposed some months ago by Hagbert Wright, librarian of the London Library.

The list will not include belles-lettres, but will note works in the fields of history, law, social science, theology, philanthropy, art, travel, geography and literary history. According to the proposal a country publishing 10,000 books or more annually would be entitled to designate 40 books, and other countries of lesser fecundity, in proportion. Are we wrong in thinking that Germany publishes more titles per year than anybody else?

We presume this is part of the praiseworthy work of the League Committee on Intellectual Cooperation some facts about which were given in Letters & Life in the Graphic for February, 1925. It looks as if the human race might muster a little sense after all, and get international goodwill through art, science, and letters in spite of economics and politics. But will the Senate permit Mr. Coolidge to nominate our books (if any)—or shall we just send Will Rogers as an observer?

Marriage vs. the Bishop

ALTHOUGH the bishop's granddaughter moves through the pages with her somewhat hesitant difficulties, this book is really about the bishop and the uniform divorce law, or rather about the divorce law alone. The bishop, fresh from England, is trundled in somewhat heavily and his reactions are used to ladle out considerable propaganda in favor of an adjustment of certain state discrepancies in divorce legislation. Finally the bishop is trundled back to Britain, having subscribed to quite anti-Episcopalian tenets in writing an article for a woman's magazine of large circulation and ideals, extolling this same uniform divorce law, but with the marital difficulties of his immediate family smoothed over. The humor is heavy and the caricatures of American types lead one to attach a British origin to the author, although Who's Who tells us he was born in Boston. Still the bishop is a pleasant old party and the divorce laws should be more uniform. G. H.

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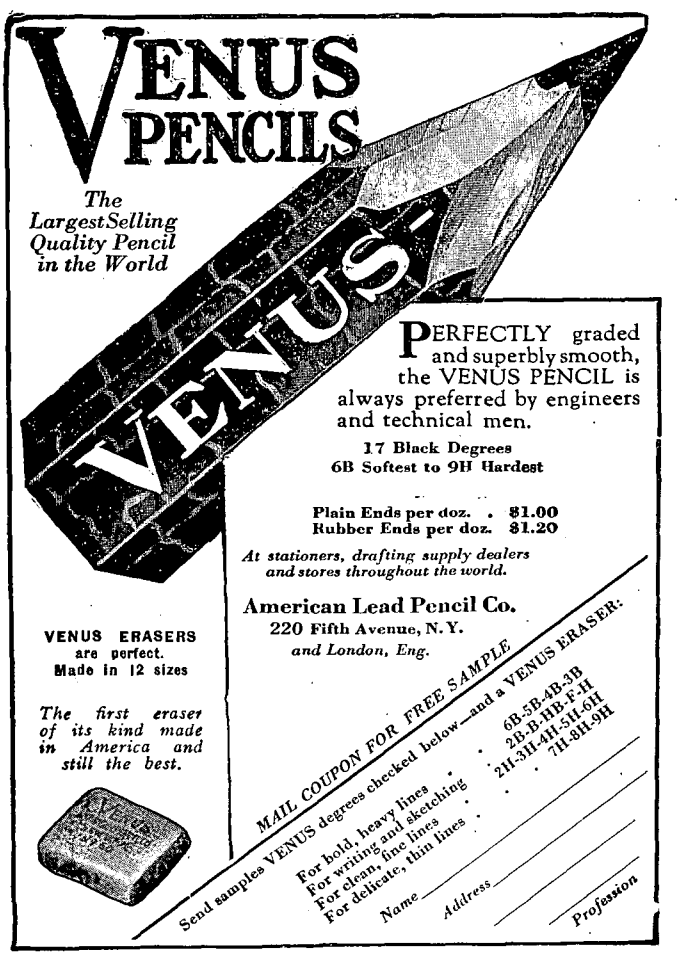
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EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 306)

that there would be both novelty and profit in an opportunity to talk back. Accordingly there will be no set speeches whatever at its Denver sessions. Instead the Association has planned three series of group meetings, each one to consist of four groups meeting at the same time and discussing the same topic. At the business meeting of the Association, which will be held Wednesday, June 10, announcement will be made that the feature of this year's program will be group discussion. The delegates and others interested will be told about the time and place of the various group meetings. Each group will have a leader—or chairman. Each group will have not more than thirty-five members (the door is to be closed when that number has been admitted) all mutually responsible for the success of the plan. No one can sit back and be just a listener—the experiment is a call to action, not to somnolence. The topics chosen—Training, Relations with Public Departments, Record Writing—are of lively interest to family case workers and on all of them there is room for a wholesome difference of opinion. Moreover, they tie up closely with the subjects chosen for the family division of the National Conference where the necessarily large and formal meetings inevitably send many of the audience away without a chance to get some pet idea or a drastic difference of opinion off their chests.

The outcome of the experiment should be watched with interest by the Association and by other groups in the larger conference. Successful demonstrations of the value of radical innovations in conference organization have been made at a number of religious and social work meetings during the past year—for example, the American Country Life Association sessions at Columbus (see The Survey, Dec. 15, 1924, p. 325). The time seems ripe for trying them out even at the venerable National Conference of Social Work. This particular test may prove the beginning of a method of supplementing rather than duplicating the conference sessions in the kindred groups; it may point the way for better organization of section meetings; it may prove that nobody wants to talk at all, or everybody wants to talk at once, or that folks come a thousand miles or so merely to be talked at. Happily the event, whatever it may be, rests with the groups themselves.

DICKENS himself could have devised no more luridly terrible stories of a baby "farm" than those given newspaper currency in connection with a recent New York episode. The charge that babies have died by the score from malnutrition or mistreatment or neglect in an institution to which some of the leading social work organizations have referred cases, deserves the most careful investigation. The panic of the mothers and fathers who have been obliged to put their children in such private asylums for temporary or permanent care is easily understandable. Pennsylvania, which has just obtained a law requiring the licensing and supervision (*Continued on page* 318)

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OUR ORPHANED ASYLUMS

(*Continued from page 287*)

phan asylum management would follow the lead of the enlightened few who have adopted the new leaven of family care for orphans, the whole lump would soon be leavened.

A suggestion of the direction which this modern use of orphan asylums should take is furnished in the following commitment of the American Legion of World War Veterans at their meeting two years ago in San Francisco:

Whenever conditions permit, the integrity of the home shall be maintained in order that children of the same family be kept together and live in the care of their own mother. Where it is impossible for children to be maintained in their own homes and after most careful and thorough examination and investigation of all surrounding circumstances, where it is found that individual children seem adapted and appear to fit in to the home life of certain families who desire to care for them, such children shall be placed in foster homes; that provision be made for the construction, maintenance and operation of regional home schools that may be used as clearing houses to take care of children who cannot be cared for in their own homes and foster homes or any other ways provided.

Orphan asylums may be readily converted into children's clearing houses for the admission:

(1) Of children for temporary care, awaiting the rehabilitation of their disrupted homes, through a social program which the institution should provide.
(2) Of orphans for placement in foster family homes when there are no suitable relatives to take them.
(3) Of orphans or dependent children who for good reasons are not placeable in foster homes and whose parents are not proper guardians for them.

A number of sub-classifications, of course, may be made under these three heads. No child should leave the home until restored physically, mentally and morally to a condition suitable for return to family life.

A few progressive institutions are now rendering a service similar to this program, which opens three broad avenues of service—family rehabilitation, foster home placing, and expert health and behavior treatment for unfortunate children. Crippled children, the mentally defective and other special classes should be provided for in special institutions; they should not be admitted to orphan asylums.

To meet these great demands of child welfare work—immensely greater than what the orphan asylums are doing today, would mean that each institution should become a social center of expert service. It would mean almost a complete turnover in the present staff personnel of most of them. Every one of them would become a child study center where students in social service could learn to meet the real problems of child welfare. It would mean that the management in each case would become chiefly interested in the quality rather than the quantity of work done, in doing the best for each child and not a little for many children. The elimination of the normal children by family placing would reduce the numbers so that quality service could be rendered to the few most in need of it. It would make the management of these institutions proud of what they are doing and not apologetic toward it, as is now so often the case.

As a permanent home or care-taking proposition for normal children, the orphan asylum should go out of business; its day is past; it is not a real childhood home and cannot by any courtesy of speech claim to be such.

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CAN HOSPITALS BE HUMANE?
(*Continued from page* 304)

on the day of his entrance, have a quiet talk with him, and explain the hospital method and what is first to be expected; he could go to him after the examinations and tests and explain their purpose and result; he could help the sufferer to understand the hospital and its system, the doctors and their efforts for him; he could endeavor to dispel vague fears and blind rebellions, and to change mischief-making errors of belief into correct understanding; he could try to induce the patient to cultivate that mental and spiritual harmony which is an aid to cure and is needed for healthy living.

The hospital is dealing with more than bodies. It is dealing with minds and spirits. If the doctors ignore this fact, the patients do not. It is not well that anyone should be able to say after a hospital experience, as a young literary man said to me within a few minutes, "I never met with such inhumanity before in my life; in a place that stands for humanity, the contrast is great." For efficiency's sake, if nothing more, those who are dealing with the sick should be taught that an essential part of their equipment is the habit of considering what the mental reaction of the patient is likely to be.

If hospitals are to live up to what they stand for they cannot be regarded chiefly as places for doing a perfunctory turn of official duty, nor as laboratories for studying different kinds of disease, nor as training schools for giving young men their first experience at treating it. Something greater must be in the forefront, as well as the background, of every worker's mind. There must be concern for the patients as individual needy and suffering men and women, and there must be, in dealing with them, some attention to the delicacies and greatnesses of human relationships. There needs to be, on the part of those doing hospital service, something more than the keeping of hours, the performance of duties and the exercise of trained skill. If the pitiful cry that is brought to the hospital day after day is to be properly met, there needs to be a gracious bestowal of things that cannot be paid for, and that no man wishes to be paid for—the spiritual things that make human intercourse successful and noble, a joy, an inspiration and a power for help.

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UNTWISTING THE WIND'S TAIL
(*Continued from page* 281)

give me a coat, I can get along without the pants." The same farmer made the unusual request that he be given a blind horse to replace a blind animal he had lost in the tornado. He would have no other kind. A neighbor across the way, he declared, had the very horse he wanted—blind in both eyes.

Moving the caravan from one farm to another involved problems almost as difficult as the actual clean-up work. The engineers who designed the bridges for the country roads of southern Illinois planned for no such loads as they were called upon to bear when the caravan rumbled across them. There were some tense moments as the workers headed the heavy army trucks on to frail bridges which bent and creaked under the heavy weight. Standing in their seats, one hand on the wheel, the drivers were always ready to leap for safety should the bridge go down. Several of the culverts did give way, carrying the trucks down into deep ditches. Fortunately, the higher bridges held up, and none was hurt. Repairing broken bridges took much valuable time, and made the progress of the relief crew difficult and slow.

The caravans carried complete sleeping and canteen equipment for the fifty workmen attached to each. They had large canvas tents in which were placed portable double-deck bunks. This provided sleeping quarters, while other tents, equipped with Army portable stoves, supplied the mess. Food purchases were supervised by Red Cross dietitians and prepared at the camps under the direction of capable cooks. The danger of contaminated wells, resulting from the tornado, made it necessary for the caravans to carry their own supplies of drinking water.

The speed with which the large canvasses were thrown up on reaching the camping sites astonished the inhabitants and often drew crowds of excited boys from distant farms, who upon seeing the outfit thought a circus had arrived. Less than two hours were required to "pitch camp" and the caravans moved their camps about once a week.

Following the emergency work of the caravan, the Red Cross made a hasty survey of the farm districts swept by the storm and supplied each farmer immediately with the implements and stock necessary to resume agricultural operations. The rapidity of both clean-up and the follow-up reduced to a minimum the delay in spring planting. Living in tents or crudely constructed temporary dwellings, the farmers went ahead with their work, leaving the rebuilding of homes to be done after the seed was underground and the emergency eased.

Hundreds of acres of land have been cleared, thousands of feet of lumber salvaged, and the necessary emergency relief given to every farmer. The work of the rural relief caravans is completed. The Indiana caravan disbanded the latter part of April; one in Illinois finished its work in mid-May. In Missouri, a survey of farming conditions following the tornado showed no need of recourse to the services of a caravan.

The success of the project in Indiana and Illinois, and the benefits resulting to the farmers, has now established the rural caravan as a standard factor in Red Cross rehabilitation work after such distasters.

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WHEN CHILDREN SIT IN JUDGMENT

(*Continued from page* 295)

To our critics who say the court has been too parental, we say boldly: the thing is impossible; we have not been parental enough. To those other critics who say our work should be done by the school, the police, the protective agency, or whatnot, we say: you, like the home, have the child first. Do what lies in your power. Try to persuade the child to live aright; to abandon bad company, but when he will not, do not threaten him with the court, nor foster by word, or deed, the criminal concept that prevents, wherever it exists, the saving work the court was created to do. Social workers, no less than the general public, must be educated to see the court as the only legitimate use of *force* that can be properly substituted for weakening parental control.

If we can read the signs of the times, the future development of the juvenile court does not lie along the line of better organization, nor business efficiency, but a better understanding of the child's personality and point of view.

Our chief goal should be the establishment of personal relationships with the child. We must grasp him with heart and mind, vividly and clearly, as our own flesh and blood in distress. To gain this position only two things are necessary—simplicity and sincerity. Our emphasis must therefore be on better personnel. The next task of the juvenile court movement is to secure to its service in every capacity, from probation officer to judge, those men and women with the finest intellects and with spiritual power. Some communities have already established traditions of this sort concerning their judges. No juvenile court system can do its work well unless the judge is enabled to assume leadership and responsibility for the entire situation, court, probation work, detention and treatment. The judge must interpret the work of the court to the community. Not only should judges be chosen for their special fitness, their wisdom, insight, and integrity, but all workers under the judge who deal with the child should at least be worthy of imitation by the child.

The boy who was asked by his probation officer, "Do you wish to become a regular crook like this fellow here, or would you like to grow up to be a man like me?" and who replied, "I don't care to be like either of you," spoke accurately and profoundly.

For twenty-five years we have been busy establishing, elaborating and extending our organizations. The work was necessary. In innumerable communities there are yet, truly speaking, no juvenile courts; and all the country must have them. But when the court is organized we possess only the framework. It literally must be built up of adequate personalities with clear ideas, with good will, and the right attitude toward the child.

We must educate all adults to understand that the object of court procedure is not to discover whether the child has committed a specific offense; but to determine if he is in such a condition that he has lost or has never known the fundamental rights of childhood to parental shelter, guidance and control. In the words of Judge Julian W. Mack, the Court is fundamentally interested in the child: "What is he, how has he become what he is, and what would best be done in his interest and in the interest of the state to save him from a downward career?"

That the juvenile court is symbolic of the state's father-

The Problem Child in School

THE child who won't play or work with his comrades—or who is irritatingly overactive in work and play; who appears indifferent to the good opinion of others or over-eager for it; who insists on posing in the center of the limelight or withdrawing from it into the shadows; who runs too far ahead of his fellows or falls too far behind them for his pace to be reconciled with theirs; who makes himself a storm-center by lying, stealing or sex irregularities:—what are we to do with him? Shall we—

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hood has been many times expressed by our supreme courts, but in no instance more beautifully than by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania many years ago:

> The Act is not for the trial of a child charged with crime, but is mercifully to save it from an ordeal with the prison or penitentiary in its wake. . . . Whether the child deserves to be saved by the state is no more a question for a jury than whether the father, if able to save it, ought to save it. . . . The Act is but an exercise by the state of its supreme power over the welfare of its children.

Let us work for widespread adult education about juvenile delinquency throughout our communities. Never before in America was this so sorely needed; a respect for the rights of childhood, knowledge of the fundamental difference between child and adult, in particular the child's almost limitless unexplored capacity for spiritual growth, for modification, in the right soil, with the right person taking an interest in him; an attitude which, without relaxing our parental solicitude for the offending child, places the burden of delinquency and the responsibility for its treatment upon the adult world.

When the juvenile court has done this it may fulfill indeed the statement made by John Morley of the task of the individual life: "To be, to do, to do without and to depart."

EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 312)

of such baby farms, may well take sober thought from the situation which has arisen in New York in spite of such a law. If the charges against the institution are substantiated, the inspector from the Health Department who visited the place each month will have much to explain. In any case it seems strange that a woman whose license for an "infantorium" had once been revoked because she ignored its conditions should find it so simple to obtain another license from another bureau of the same department and suffer only a warning when it was discovered that she had taken in more than twice as many babies as she was authorized to receive.

THERE is a familiar ring to the theme of the conference recently called in New York city by the Child Welfare Committee of America, Inc., on A Home for Every Child, as there is impeccable authority behind the system of pensions or allowances for the mothers of dependent children, about which its program centered. The new committee has drawn in representatives from social, fraternal and political groups hitherto not active in the fight for child welfare along these lines. Even more important, it apparently recognizes the wisdom and experience of the leaders of the pioneer organizations which already have put twenty-five years' work into this field, evolving a technique and a set of social standards to shape the nebulous impulses which are always aroused by the plight of unfortunate children. If the Child Welfare Committee can reinforce this proven technical leadership with the understanding and support of wider groups, without creating elaborate duplications in national organization, it will accomplish a real service.

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MY FIGHT WITH THE KU KLUX KLAN

(*Continued from page 274*)

the governor, one house of the legislature, many of the judges, grand juries and jurors, sheriffs and county officers, we find this "invisible" order now functioning as the visible government. Imagine the situation in this state if there should be an outbreak calling for executive authority to call in the militia or armed intervention! Nearly everything would be in the hands of the Ku Klux Klan from the state militia down to the last constable. The constitution provides that federal troops can only be called in when requested by the legislature convened for that purpose by the governor, or by the governor himself. All of these powers are in the hands of the Ku Klux Klan.

The grand dragon picked an active klansman, William J. Candlish, for chief of police of the city of Denver and had him duly appointed by the Klan mayor. The administration of the Police Department under the Klan chief of police has become so rotten that it is a stench in the nostrils of the people. It has become too much even for a Klan mayor who, at last, shows signs of revolt. Without the knowledge of the Klan chief of police, he recently conducted a night raid upon various protected vice resorts in the city of Denver. It is significant that the Klan chief of police was utterly ignored in this raid by the mayor. This has resulted in perhaps the biggest scandal ever known in the history of Denver's Police Department. The newspapers teem with the stories of alleged perfidy and betrayal of the city's interest through the acceptance of bribes from protected vice resorts, bootleggers, etc. Fourteen policemen, mostly members of the bootleg squad, under the Klan chief of police, have been suspended from duty under charges of graft, bribery, etc. now filed against them. Serious charges have been filed against others. Two or three of these police officers have suddenly disappeared from the city. Practically all of these police officers thus in the confidence of the Klan chief of police, and under his immediate direction, are known to be members of the Klan. Such is the sort of protection Denver has been getting from these "100 per cent Americans—men of the most sublime lineage in all history."

Under the statutes of the state, when the docket is crowded or for other statutory reasons, it becomes the duty of my court to call in a judge from a neighboring county. At times during recent years I had thus called in Royal R. Graham, whose record I had not taken occasion to investigate any more than I would insult any of the other judges whom I have similarly called in under the law. He tried no cases of great importance and had no control whatever of the administration of the Court. It was this man that the Klan seized upon, with his willing consent, to take over the Juvenile Court. I do not care to dignify, by any extended notice, the serious charges since set out in the newspapers, as to his record in his home town. Yet so powerful was the Klan that, with the aid of the Coolidge landslide and the Klan's control of the Republican party ticket, it came near enough to electing him to involve me in a grilling and expensive election contest litigation to save the Juvenile Court of Denver from their clutches.

One anchorage thus far has been the State Senate. Half of its members happen to be hold-overs and, in addition, it contains many very fine characters. Here real American citizenship and patriotism are standing the acid test. Had this not been the case, there is no telling where the fanatical sweep of the Klan would have ended.

The bitter hatreds and discords aroused by the Klan are beginning to make themselves felt everywhere—in the churchs, masonic bodies, and the various clubs and organizations of community life as well as in politics. One of our most re-

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spected labor leaders told me that the Klan was eating its way into the ranks of labor organizations and threatening their demoralization—a development encouraged by the enemies of organized labor. Certain elements of the Protestant Church, and especially a type of sixteenth century, witch-burning-minded preacher are hand in glove with the Klan. In their willingness to profit by its hatreds they seem utterly dense to the fact that the Klan is dealing a body blow to Protestantism, leaving it weakened, torn and divided, filled with dissensions that it will take years to heal; while it has cemented and strengthened the Catholics, and, except in the small towns where Jewish merchants have felt its boycotts, it has had no effect on the Jews except to kindle their zeal to help oppose its invasion of the constituitonal rights of Americans.

KLAN members of the legislature introduced bills to abolish the Juvenile and Family Court just as I predicted they would. Had these passed, it would have put an end to my twenty-five years of work in that Court. Public meetings of protest and a public aroused through the fine work of the Denver Post and Denver Express, and the real Americanism of the anti-Klan majority of state senators, has now been successful in defeating the Klan in this attack.

In the District Court of Denver we finished only in April the long tortuous, expensive grind of litigation in the *quo warranto* proceedings, backed by Klan dictators, to oust me from office. In this I was charged with "being in contempt of the People of the State of Colorado" for holding the Juvenile judgeship which I now occupy under a certificate of election from the people. As already indicated, substantially the only charges were that there had been some fraud committed in one of the precincts in that section of the city where the voters are almost exclusively Jewish people, naturally against the Klan, and where my majority was naturally overwhelming. As to this precinct they alleged such frauds and irregularities as they claimed would justify the District Court in throwing its vote out entirely with its four or five hundred majority for me. They failed to bring the contest under the statute within the time when we had the ballot boxes guarded and their integrity secured. They delayed several months after our watchers had been discharged and the custody of boxes was with the Klan secretary of the Election Commission. The trial of this case disclosed none of the frauds so loudly proclaimed by the Klan except perhaps their own work with the youth, Unter, already referred to, and the suspicious disappearance of ballots and boxes from the custody of Klan watchers and Klan keepers. Judge Julian Moore after hearing all the evidence produced by one Johnnie Martin, one of the chief lieutenants of the grand dragon, ruled as follows:

> The evidence presented in this case is not such as to satisfy the Court that the fraud, if any fraud was committed in this precinct, was of sufficient gravity for the throwing out of the vote. There is no evidence from which the court can determine that there was one vote cast for Lindsey which was not a vote intended to be cast for Lindsey with the possible exception of one ballot which the witness Unter says looks like a ballot he altered for a voter.
>
> As to the question of conspiracy the testimony is both vague and indefinite. The evidence discloses that the part of town in which this precinct was located is largely inhabited by members of the Jewish race. These votes were Lindsey votes. There were fifty-eight blank ballots. It is surprising that there were so many blank ballots in that precinct in view of the political situation fronting this election. The Court is satisfied that the result shown by the recount in J-6 is a fair determination of the voters of that precinct and it is ordered that the recount figures will stand and the motion to throw out the vote is denied.

At the conclusion of the testimony offered by the Klan candidate, Judge Moore held that "It is clear to the Court that Lindsey was elected Juvenile Judge, and therefore is entitled to hold the office."

Three hundred and twenty-seven votes marked for me with

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pencil had to be thrown out since our law provides they be written in ink although no one doubts that they represented the will of legitimate voters. This also applies to about one hundred votes where the (x) mark was below the line of my name instead of at the right of my name. Were it possible to have counted these real votes of real voters for me my majority would have been several hundred more than it was. As it stands my title to the office of judge of this court was confirmed on the Klan candidate's own testimony without the necessity of one word of very important testimony we were prepared to offer in answer to all their claims, and my title to this Court has been judicially and finally confirmed. This is subject, of course, to their appeal to the Supreme Court which will only be a continuation of the impoverishing expenses and annoyances that Klan friends of my opponent with their large funds are trying to subject me to for daring to oppose their un-Americanism in this community. But I have no apologies to offer for fighting the Klan. We consider it the greatest victory that we have ever helped to win for the people. The constitutional rights of American citizens will never be safe in this country until the Klan mania has been stamped out by courageous Americans.

This is the general situation. Of course, it does not include the palpable lies of the Klan owned or controlled newspapers or the whisperings of the Klan "poison squad" whose gossip is never substantiated, since it is only used to taint the minds of the unthinking. The Klan dictators know how easy it is to make dupes of a large element of the American people so easily misled by appeals to racial and religious bigotry—and how easy it is to coin their stupidity into dollars and votes and power for the charlatans who use them. For the Klan has developed a new industry. That is the commercializing of the basest of human passions. It has its own peculiar salesmanship. To illustrate, a certain klansman, in apologizing for his part in the organization, said: "I was in the grocery business, but I quit. I make more money selling this Klan stuff than I ever could selling groceries. You see, it is like this: I find a fellow that hates the Jews: that's his 'bug'; another fellow hates the Catholics; that's his 'bug'; another, the Negroes; another, the foreigners. I sell the Klan 'bugs' to every one of them. I get my commission. It's a great business and easy money." In a word, this new salesmanship is literally dealing in passions and prejudices, selling fuel to hatred, superstition and fanaticism, bartering in bigotry and intolerance at so much per.

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THE VALLEY PLAN OF CIVILIZATION

(*Continued from page* 290)

of Asgard," when the Mongoloid migrations involved by the dessication of Central Asia had cut their old land-route—albeit in a different direction, curiously analogous to that of Columbus in later days, when the old Red Sea route to the Indies had been closed by the Turkish conquest of Constantinople.

With these daring theories before us, it is not far to link the old caravan kings to their modern successors, the railway kings. I well remember an old countryman, of pastoral origins, and first trained in trade in Aberdeen, who soon went roving over to the Hudson's Bay Company as fur-trader; and by and by, with a comrade of the very same origin, laying the Trans-Canadian Railway. Seldom can there have been a more adventurous or further-ranging caravan lord than this old Strathcona, effectively ruling the modern Canada he had thus so largely helped to build; and whom I remember, as imperious and terrible as Father Odin, up to the patriarchal age of ninety-three, if not beyond.

Yet the pastoral life can produce still higher types—the spiritualized caravaneers, who once and again stand out as supreme forces in history. Note first one Saul of Tarsus, a native by "the Cilician Gates," that great pass for all caravans between Europe and Asia Minor on the one hand, and Mesopotamia, Syria and Egypt on the other. Significantly a tent-maker's son, and learning his father's trade, he cannot but have imbibed the "Wanderlust" from the caravaneers he worked for. Tarsus had had its mystic priest-king, like the high priest of Jerusalem, yet it had become a Greek university city, as we may fairly call it; and next it had come under the rule of Rome. So here and as nowhere else in the wide world so fully could there have been combined, into one young man's life-training, those fourfold elements—of the traveler's spirit, of Jewish idealism and learning, of Greek philosophy and subtlety, yet also of Roman citizenship—which prepared Saul first for high influence among the Pharisees, and thence—as Paul—to his primacy in extending throughout the Roman Empire the then but germinating Christian faith; and this in the individually developed form he gave it.

Again what essentially is Islam? What but the discipline of the caravan, strengthened and moralized in its own way for the journey across the desert; and with the good time at the journey's end fully idealized for its encouragement? That its prophet should have been, and until full maturity, a caravan-leader, is thus the essential, since fundamental, evolutionary explanation for his whole system; and this alike in its spiritual idealism and intensity, and in its expansion; albeit also, and in various ways, the explanation of its limitations, and of its decline.

V

BUT it is time to pass on to the next type of our valley-section, the poor peasant, the crofter as we call him, not yet the fully developed farmer proper. He has had a hard time, for when we leave the green and flowery pastures, with their milk and honey, and eat the alluring but sour-sweet apple of knowledge which grows up to that boundary, we come down to toil and sweat on poor and stony soils, better fitted for thorns and thistles than for our upland corn. In short here is a sad coming down in the world, a "fall" indeed. Labor strenuous beyond all other is now needed, and this well-nigh continuous throughout the season; moreover, economies are of the very essence of survival. We must store for the winter's food, and for seed, and use both with frugal care.

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The verse in the Psalms of "one that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, but returneth rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him," is plain enough in its second clause, for all men rejoice at harvest home. But in our literate modern world, one may ask learned Jew or Christian alike to explain why the sower should be described as "weeping"; and we get only metaphorical guesses for answer; whereas here in the first clause of our text is compressed the vividly pathetic reality of the early history of the poor peasant. By springtime his harvest-store is all but eaten; yet now he cannot but take away the few precious grains that remain, albeit from children crying for food, from starving mother sobbing over them. And so he strides out past them to the field with stern-set face. Once out of doors and away, he too breaks down, and weeps for those he has left behind, and with what misgivings for the future crop, above all for food meanwhile! Lent with its long weeks of scanty fare is thus of the nature of things agricultural and far older than any spiritualizing of it; from its poverty comes its essence—a moral discipline, which has become fundamental in the strength of peasant character. Has not this discipline been the very backbone of many regions—of which New England or old Scotland are but near examples, and this despite their abandonment of Catholic traditions, their forgetfulness of the origins of these? It is more easy for a modern reader to see in the life economy of the poor peasant the origins of the bank and the insurance company.

Pass now to the rich peasant, upon the deep and fertile ploughlands of the plain, once prairie; see him with his tall heavy-headed wheat, his good white bread accordingly to eat, his ample surplus of grain to sell. Hence population thrives and increases, so that instead of the poor peasant isolated, or at most in hamlet, we can have the goodly village, and by and by even the town. In old societies indeed, the need for defence from hungry hunter, and at times too from cornless shepherd, could not but have compelled such grouping: and these dangers soon led to the walling in of the farm-town with its substantial gates. The old story of Cain and Abel is thus plainly pastoral, the Hebrew version of the immemorial and world-wide tension between peasant and shepherd. With all the spirituality of the pastoral culture, its caravans have not always paid fully in wool what they took in grain. Whereelse but in peaceful England, and her daughter America, after the period of Indian wars, has the farmer been able to live upon his land in the detached way which there to both has become a matter of course? The long distances which we see daily tramped from village to fields in pretty nearly every valley from France to India, and which thus so largely impoverish all concerned, register the far more widespread history of the old agricultural life beset with invading dangers.

To city development we shall come later; but here may be briefly noted that of all occupations it is the farmer's with his yearly harvest, that most needs binding bargains and definite records, as for land-tenure and crop-sales; for taxation too, and more. It is thus he naturally who develops one of his sons as recorder, by and by lawyer; who inscribes his records on calf's or lamb's skin (parchment or vellum) accordingly.

Again, it is his occupation that yields the main beverages, wine in the south, beer in the north; and thus the wine-shop, and the ale-house. As caste and wealth develop, each readily becomes exclusive; and thus the club. Talk of affairs in congenial company is thus with loosened tongues and freer range; in such symposia the concrete farming viewpoint and the more abstract legal one interact: discussions thus reach political levels, and so ere long the glories of parliamentary oratory foam from the mug and sparkle from the glass. (What may become of "politics" for a country (or a sex) without these traditional incentives to eloquence, is a question only lately being raised!)

(*Continued on page* 325)

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THE SURVEY.

THE VALLEY PLAN OF CIVILIZATION

(*Continued from page* 323)

VI

INTO the elaborations of agriculture, to gardening and intensive culture, whether in the old tradition of China, or as nowadays with increasing progress in the west, we need not here enter; but rather pass to the last of our main occupations, that of the sea. Anthropologists tell how woman initiated fishing in streams and rivers, and invented nets, but that when it came to seafaring, the man took over her work with his boat, while she largely took over the man's work on land, the distribution of the fish, and thus increasingly his predominance. Hence her strengthened individuality and self-reliance in those parts. This not only old tales or current observation of fisher life fully confirm, as also does a survey of the modern feminist movements; for it is by no mere coincidence that such initiatives have essentially been along the maritime fringes of the northern seas, spreading thence more slowly inland. Indeed it is thus by no mere accident, but also from deep-rooted tradition that my old and honored friend, the veteran president of the International Council of Women should bear the title of Marchioness of (the old fishing-port of) Aberdeen.

The North Sea fisherman is naturally tempted out from salmon river and fiord to sea-fishing, for herring and cod. He grows richer and more adventurous. With his larger boat and crew he soon becomes more authoritatively organized, since thus more efficient in a hard environment, which calls for prompt decision and instant obedience and gives no time and safety for discussion. Moreover, what the caravan does on land, that the fisher can do at sea: he thus becomes merchant-adventurer, passenger-carrier. In time he is readily also emigrant, even settler; and thus the far-reaching Northman and Norman conqueror, whose spreading sails the British sailor-folk have but carried further in their time. For since, like the hunter, the fisher's calling is of the taking of life, not the tending of it, and since endless opportunities of quarrel arise between fisher and fisher, and yet more between seafarer and landsman, he soon goes armed. Hence the gradual admixture of seafaring with buccaneering and piracy, yet also their disentanglement and ordering, into navies, both mercantile and combative, as history tells. Enough here for the present if we see all together, as the story of the fisher, throughout his varied evolution.

VII

SO, back to our valley diagram which called up for us the main make-up of the great world.

Hunter and shepherd, poor peasant and rich: these are our most familiar occupational types, and manifestly successive as we descend in altitude, and also come down the course of social history. Hence it was long the bookish habit to speak of them not only as main types in civilization (which they do broadly represent) but as if each had succeeded the other in successive "stages," and for good and all. And these too as but "phases" before the present predominance of the industrial and commercial urban order; since which, to many of whose writers they have seemed henceforth insignificant, if not practically negligible. But all these fundamental occupations we have always with us. And as our urban studies progress, we shall find them, even in every city; and there not simply with their produce in the open market-place, or in the resulting shop rows which are its modern development; but also as evolved into correspondingly developed urban vocations. Against the background of our valley section we shall understand them better than has the economist or the lawyer, the politician or the historian.

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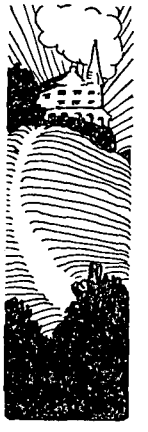

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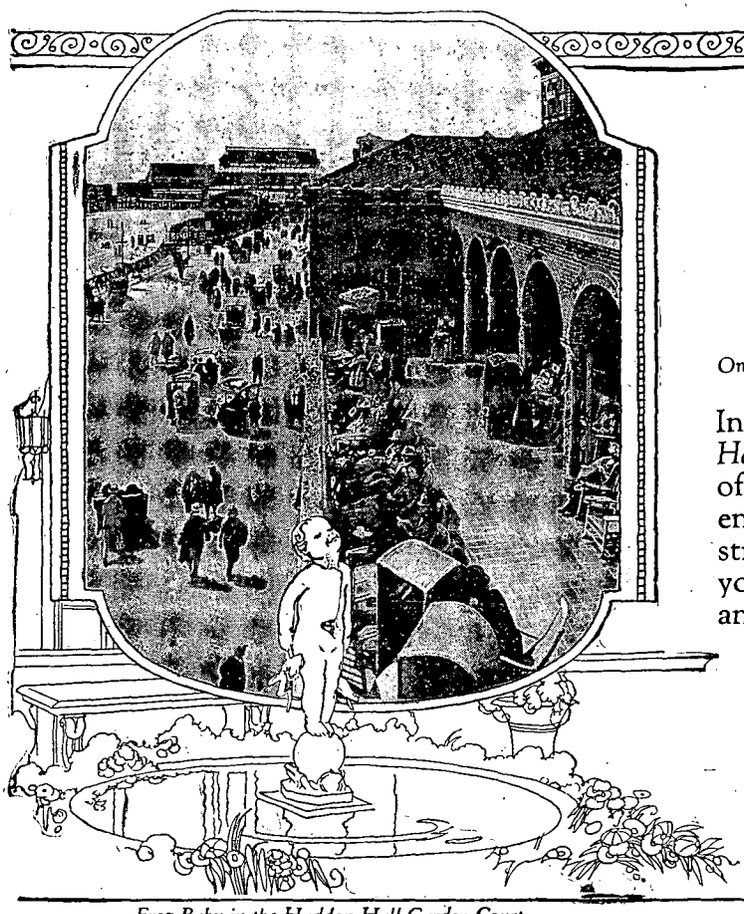

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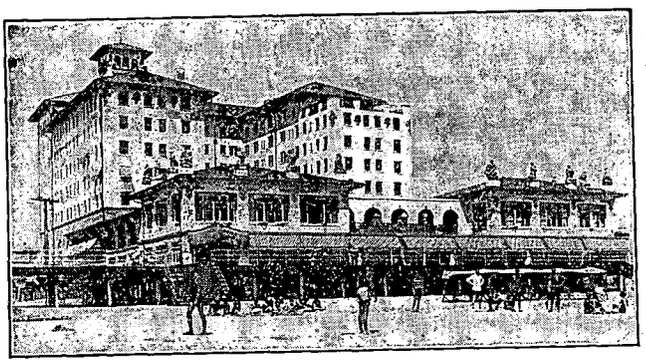

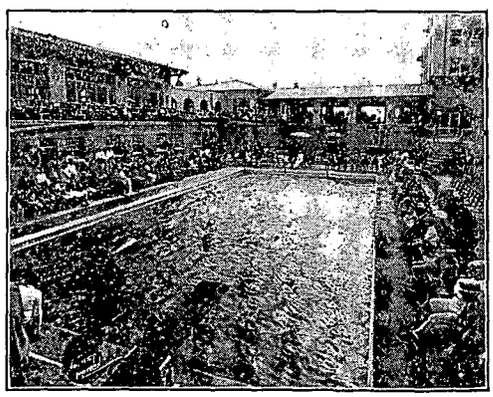

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